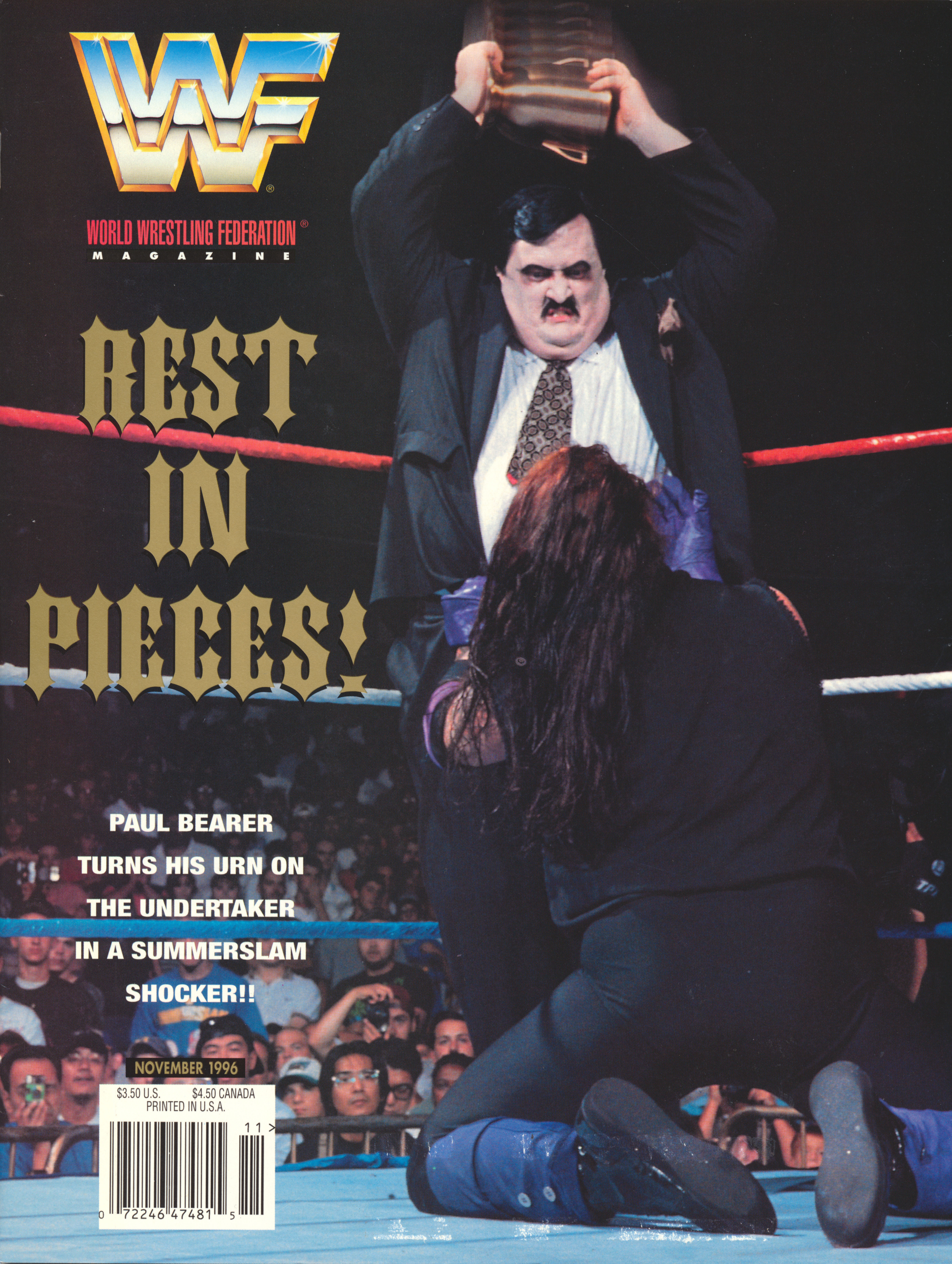
WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION
MAGAZINE



REST IN PIECES!

PAUL BEARER
TURNS HIS URN ON
THE UNDERTAKER
IN A SUMMERSLAM
SHOCKER!!

NOVEMBER 1996

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WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION®
MAGAZINE

VOL. 15 NO. 11

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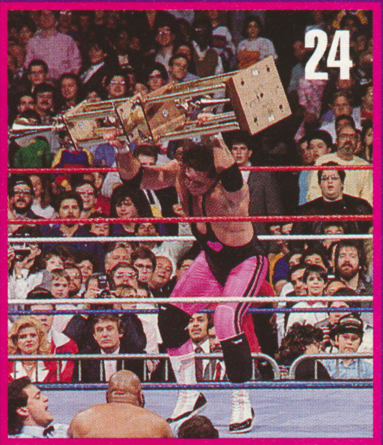

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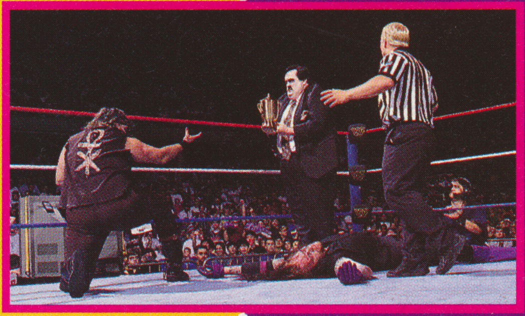

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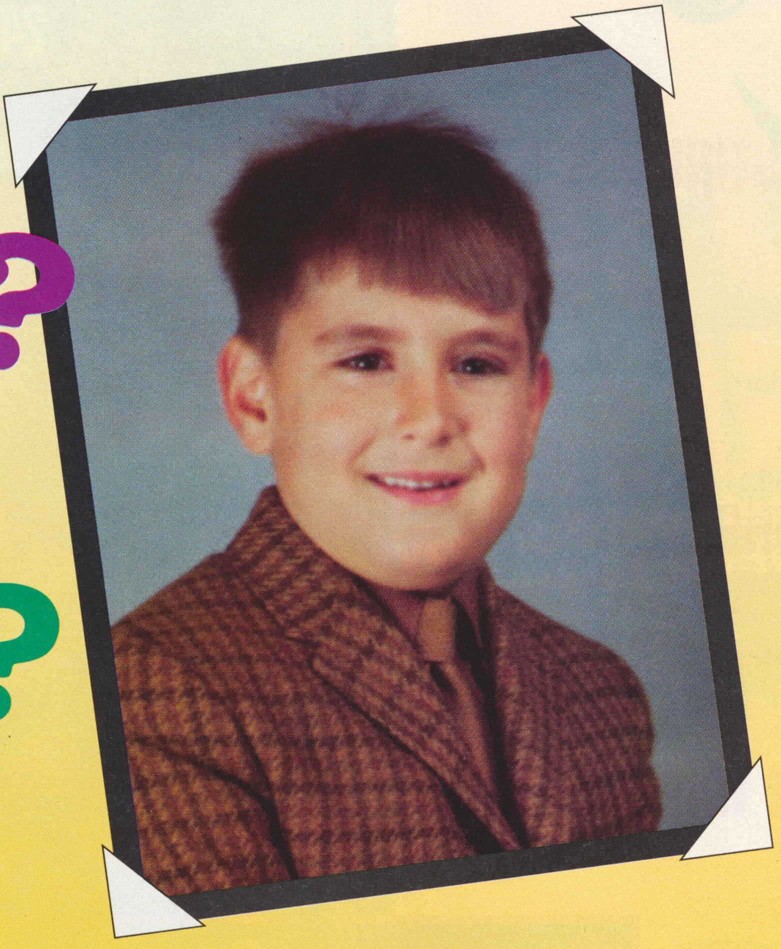
CAN YOU GUESS THE SECRET SUPERSTAR

This month's Secret Superstar's favorite cousin is "Vinny"!



HINTS:

1. This month's Secret Superstar knows a good marinara sauce when he tastes it, because "Momma nevva raised a no foola for that Domino's apizza sauce-a, and I mean that... SINCERELY!"
2. This month's Secret Superstar vows that he is an honest-to-goodness GOODFELLA (pardon the pun), and he means that... SINCERELY!
3. Even though this month's Secret Superstar isn't yet a GODFATHER, he loves ALL the children and he means that SINCERELY!
4. As a child growing up in Sicily, this month's Secret Superstar never met a ravioli he didn't like... and he means that SINCERELY!!

THE SECRET SUPERSTAR IS: ____________________

ANSWER ON PAGE 68

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION®
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World Wrestling Federation Magazine, The Official Publication of the World Wrestling Federation (ISSN 8756-7792. USPS 720-450) is published monthly by TitanSports, Inc., 1241 East Main Street, Stamford, CT 06902, and published in Canada by Titan Promotions Inc. (GST No. R121896385), 2 Lansing Square, Suite 502, Willowdale, Ontario, Canada M2J 4P8. Basic subscription rates are $24 for 12 issues and $35 for 24 issues for U.S. and U.S. possessions. Canadian rates are $43 for 12 issues and $68 for 24 issues including 7% GST. Foreign rates are $38.40 for 12 issues and $70.80 for 24 issues. ALL ORDERS ARE PAYABLE IN U.S. FUNDS ONLY. NO FOREIGN CREDIT ORDERS WILL BE ACCEPTED. Periodical Postage paid at Stamford, CT, and other additional mailing offices. Third-Class Mail Enclosed. All editions applicable. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION MAGAZINE, Post Office Box 420172, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0172. Printed by R.R. Donnelley & Sons, Mattoon, Illinois Manufacturing Division. Distributed by Kable News Company Inc., 11 West 42nd St., New York, NY 10036.

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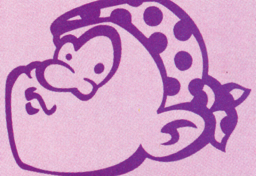
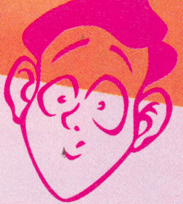
FEDERATION FANatics

Name: Angela Johnson
Age: 28
Hometown: Houston, TX
School: Already graduated
Grade: Grade A woman!
Future Ambition: To meet many of the World Wrestling Federation superstars, such as Ahmed Johnson and the Undertaker!
Favorite Federation Superstar: Shawn Michaels
Least Favorite Federation Superstar: Goldust
What I like best about the World Wrestling Federation: The awesome action of Monday Night RAW!
If I were president of the World Wrestling Federation, I would: Have MANY more Federation live events in Texas!
What I do when I'm not watching the World Wrestling Federation: I read the World Wrestling Federation Magazine and RAW Magazine cover to cover!

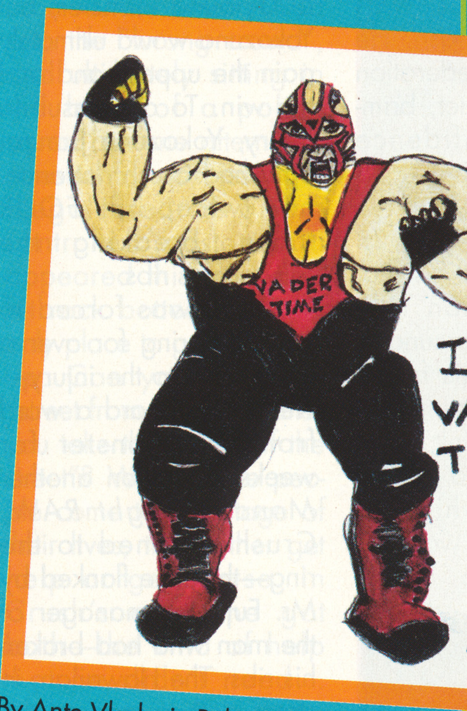


Name: Alex Bahus
Age: 9
Hometown: Baltimore, MD
School: Saint Rose Elementary
Grade: Third
Future Ambition: To be in the WMAC (World Martial Arts Championship) tournament!
Favorite Federation Superstar: Bret "Hit Man" Hart
Least Favorite Federation Superstar: Goldust
What I like best about the World Wrestling Federation: All the great Pay-Per-Views like In Your House!
If I were president of the World Wrestling Federation, I would: Suspend Vader for 12 YEARS!
What I do when I'm not watching the World Wrestling Federation:
I practice my karate!



ents, and gossip

INTERACTIN' WITH THE WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION



By Ante Vladovic-Relja

expense to Mankind! Think about it!

Ryan Chafin
yoko@hhs.net

Dear Ryan,
Since that article appeared in the August issue, Mankind has punished a string of yet more victims courtesy of his crippling Mandible Claw. If that same article were to be written today, I would almost bet that the results might be extremely different. Have a nice day.

Letter:

Dear Editor,
I was just wondering... when is Federation president Gorilla Monsoon going to wake up and smell the Vader? Why is Monsoon letting this monster go around and Vader Bomb everyone that gets in his way? Is Monsoon afraid of him? Monsoon should get off his DUFF and do something before Vader puts another person in the hospital!

Philip Featherston
Sacramento, CA

Dear Philip,
Unfortunately, the Vader Bomb IS NOT an illegal move! Sure it's brutal, and it has put away an opponent, OR TWO, BUT it is not at all outside the constraints of the World Wrestling Federation Rule Book! All Vader's opponents can do is learn to move FASTER!

E-mail:

Dear Editor,
Since you had Jim Ross interview Mankind in August's "In the Line of Fire", why not start up a regular feature involving guest interviewers? Or even better, why not get the Federation superstars to interview one another? I might suggest someone like Brian Pillman, who ALWAYS makes things interesting! I'm not sure if he would like this idea, but I'm sure if you didn't censor him he would love it!

Tom Robson
Trobson724@aol.com

Dear Tom,
Good idea, BUT if I wish to keep my job as editor of this fine publication... how do I NOT CENSOR Brian Pillman?

CALL THE WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION SUPERSTAR HOTLINE AT

1-900-737-9WWF

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- FEDERATION TRIVIA: OPTION 1
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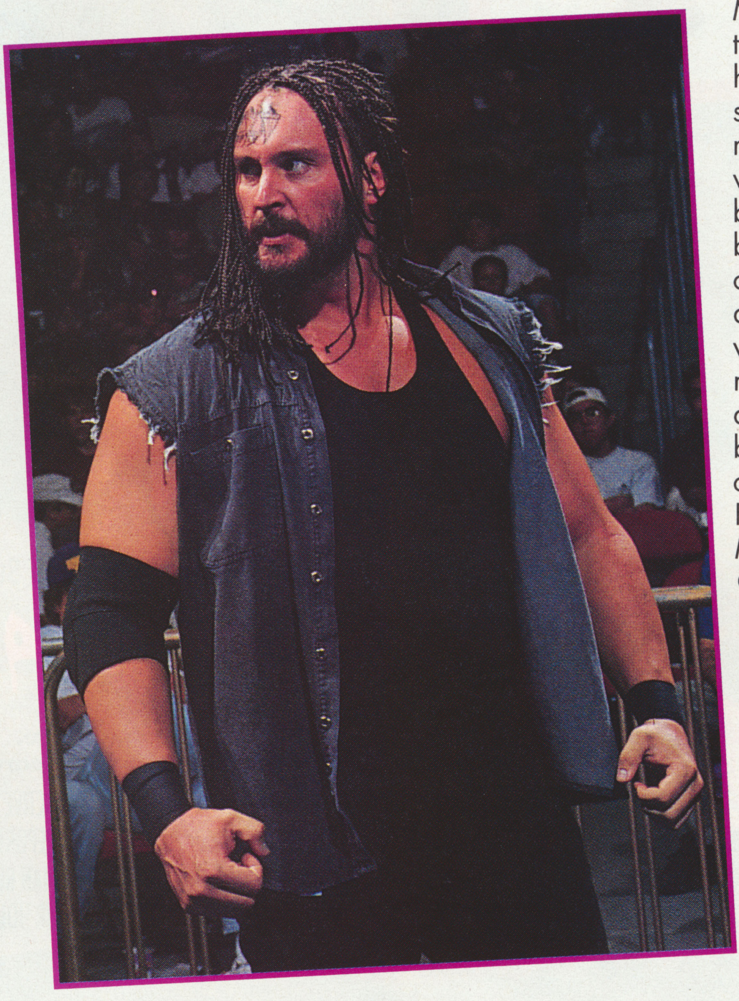
- INTERACTIVE WRESTLING GAME: OPTION 5
- ROSS REPORT: OPTION 6
- CANADIAN REPORT: OPTION 7
- IN YOUR HOUSE POST-MATCH COMMENTS: OPTION 8

Rookies to LEGENDS

HEROES OF YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

Crush began his career in the World Wrestling Federation in early 1991 as a member of Demolition—the tag team that established a dynasty of championships much in the same way the Chicago Bulls capture NBA Titles. Crush became the third member of the group, which already included Ax and Smash. He was only a rookie when he was introduced as the third member of the trio, but he seemed to carry the responsibility of the Tag Team Title well for his age. Yet, a mean streak was very much evident even then... and it would flourish with time.

The trio shared the title for over a year, until they were defeated at the 1990 *SummerSlam* by the Hart Foundation. At any given time, only two members of Demolition could defend the title, so Ax, the elder of the group, took a chance by taking a seat and letting Crush team with Smash that night against the veterans Bret Hart and Jim Neidhart. As the Hit Man pinned Crush for the 1-2-3, Ax realized that this kid still had a long way to go.



Facing a major defeat for the first time in his young career, Crush parted ways with Demolition. The Hawaiian returned to his homeland and began a process of maturity—something that had eluded him while he was with Ax and Smash. He returned to the Federation a few months later, brimming with confidence and taking aim at a brighter future.

On a live *RAW* in 1994, Crush had his shot at the Federation Title when he met Yokozuna in the ring. With his friend Randy Savage sitting at ringside, Crush felt confident that he could handle the big man while his new-found friend watched for any trouble that might arise. But that assumption would not materialize, and Crush's career would be altered forever.

The Kona native put up a valient effort that night in the ring against the 600-pound monster, but Yokozuna would ultimately gain the upper hand and the win. To add insult to injury, Yokozuna Banzai Splashed Crush not once, not twice, but FOUR times, breaking the Hawaiian's ribs.

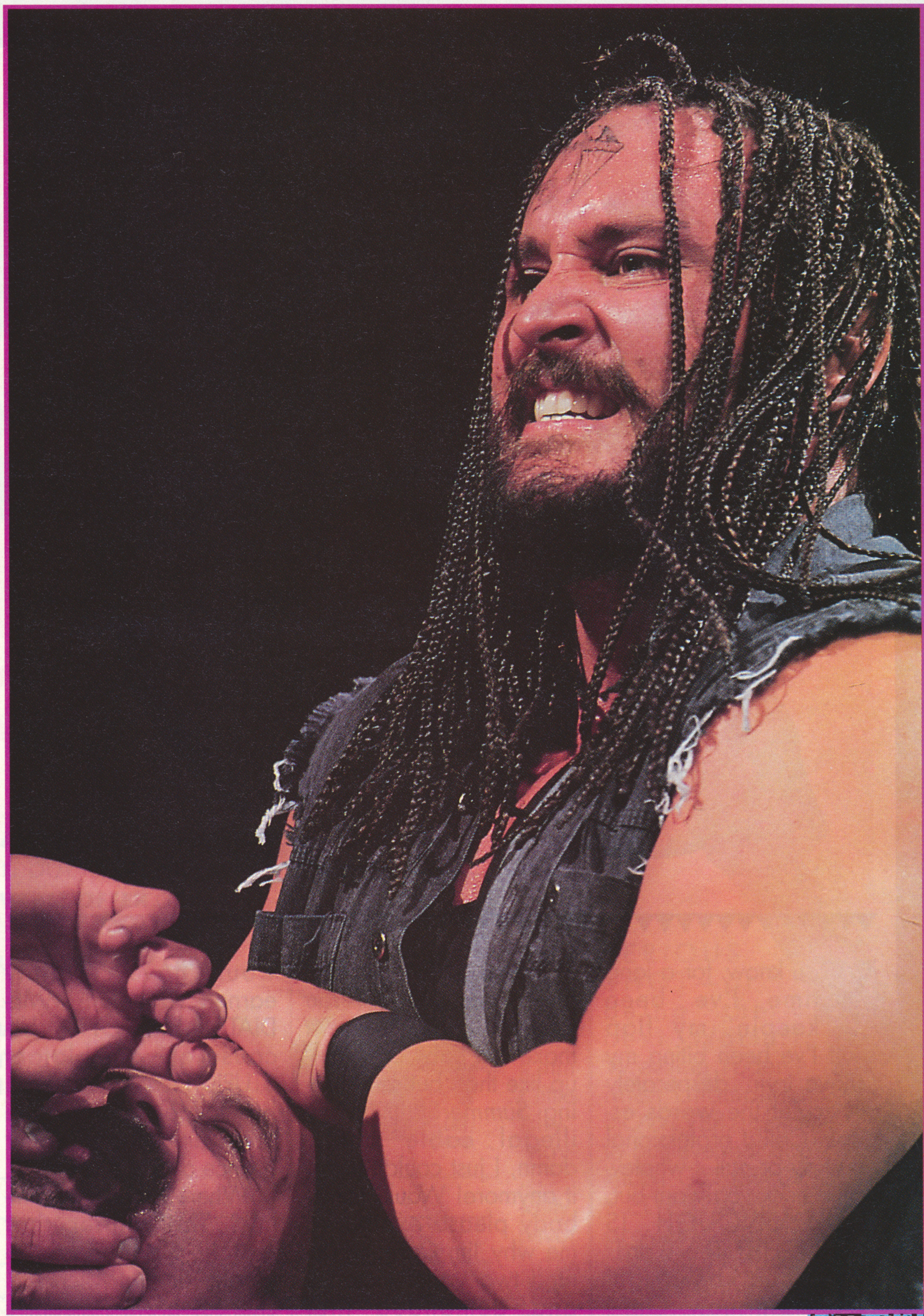
Crush was forced to leave the ring for over a month due to the injury—we barely heard a word from the monster for weeks. Then, on another *Monday Night RAW*, Crush returned to the ring—this time flanked by Mr. Fuji, the manager of the man who had broken his ribs. The Hawaiian, in street clothes, entered the ring and berated Savage, who was in his usual broadcast position. Crush blasted Randy for not coming to his aid a month before, and viciously attacked the commentator after a heated argument. From there, a bitter fued ensued, finally coming to a head at the Falls Count Anywhere Match at *WrestleMania X*. Crush was defeated that night, and the flame of hatred in his heart was fueled even further.

With another bitter defeat taking place in front of millions at the annual spectacular, Crush's life began to spiral downward in a matter of weeks. He quickly disappeared from the

World Wrestling Federation, finding retreat back in Kona... only this time, he chose the path of dishonor, of his own free choice.

Tangled up by the lure of the streets, Crush soon found himself mixed with the "wrong crowd", and ultimately sitting in the back of a police squad car one afternoon, arrested for possession of illegal firearms and a controlled substance. It appeared this man had hit rock bottom and the only place to go now was up. Can you take the "street from the man" after you take the "man off the street"? When some people come to this stage of their lives, they either get help or get worse. In Crush's case, he got both—the kind of help that he didn't need... Clarence Mason.

With Mason getting Crush back in the Federation, can the former felon truly claim he is a changed man with the "ambulance chaser" by his side? As the fans of the Federation watch him in the ring, they just can't help feeling that something isn't right with the Kona native... a feeling that a volcano is about to erupt. Crush no longer has to walk the streets of Kona, Hawaii, to vent his frustrations... by orders of a reluctant Gorilla Monsoon he is now free to do it in the ranks of the Federation. That is something that many people are spending sleepless nights thinking about. WF

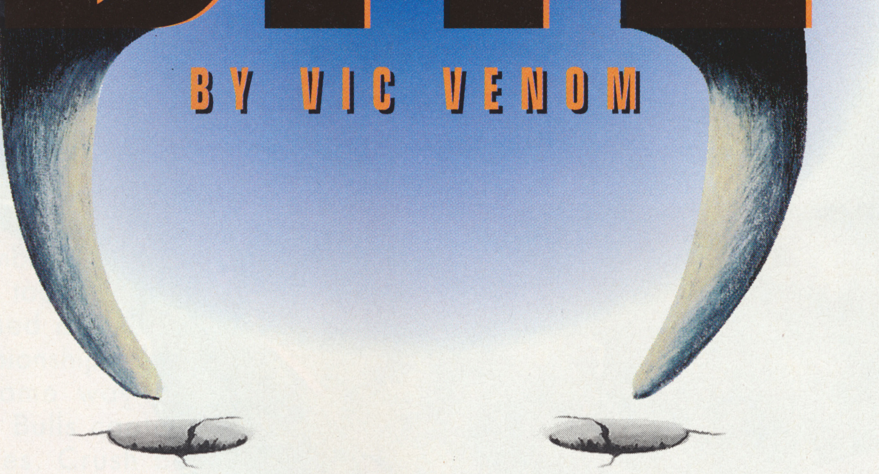


CRUSH

Superstar:
CRUSH
Height: 6'6"
Weight: 310 lbs.
Hometown:
Kona, HI

THE BITE

BY VIC VENOM



You know, for a long time I've been keepin' my flap shut! I've been biting my tongue tryin' desperately not to let the words escape. Call it professional courtesy or call it whatever the heck you want but, baby, ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!!! The words are gonna spew right here—right now. Oh, I can feel them comin'! As I feverishly type, they're rollin' around my mouth and workin' their way to my sensuous lips! The dam is about to burst... HERE IT COMES!!!

JAMES E. CORNETTE IS KILLIN' THE CAREER OF VADER!!!

There. Now I feel much, much better! You know, usually I don't make it a habit of heelin' up like that, but after seeing *SummerSlam* on my illegal cable box... damn, I just couldn't take it anymore! Would somebody please explain to me why Jim Cornette denied two Vader victories and demanded that Shawn Michaels continue a fight that he had already lost? Jimmy, baby, what were you thinkin' about? When you have a win over the World Wrestling Federation Champion you take it any way that you can! A victory over Michaels would have certainly earned Vader an IMMEDIATE re-match. Now because of your blatant STUPIDITY, the Mastodon has to get back in line and wait until his number is once again called!!!

Where's the logic, Jimmy? The longer that match went on, the greater Shawn Michaels' chances grew. I mean, it really doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure it out! Vader outweighs Shawn by over 200 POUNDS!!! Logic has it that Vader is goin' to tire just a tad quicker than a well-conditioned athlete who perhaps possesses more stamina and endurance THAN YOUR ENTIRE CAMP!!! Were you bankin' on Vader perhaps pullin' a second wind? And if you were, where was he gonna pull it from? His enormous !@#$, perhaps?!!! At the point where the zebra counted Michaels out, Vader was already blown up. The guy was huffin' and puffin' like the Big Bad Wolf, only he was in no shape to blow a house down, let alone continue a championship match!!!

But, somehow, some way, Vader was able to continue. The Rocky Mountain Monster reached deep down inside and came up with a handful of guts! To everyone's shock—INCLUDIN' MY OWN—Vader then pulled off the impossible. He gained a SECOND victory over a rattled, unfocused and extremely hot-headed Shawn Michaels via DQ. In the minds of EVERYONE, Vader had proved his point. Although there was no pin involved, he had defeated the Champion—first physically, then mentally. BUT for some strange reason, Jimmy STILL wasn't satisfied. No, he demanded that the match—ONCE AGAIN—continue!!!

At this point, if I was Vader, I personally would've grabbed Cornette by his hideous sport jacket, dragged him to the corner and Vader Bombed his huge !@#$! But, being the gentleman that he is, Vader listened to the "Clueless Wonder"

and fought his heart out until he just couldn't go any more. The odds eventually caught up with him and the brave little tailor "officially" ended it by slaying the giant.

In all actuality, with the *Survivor Series* right around the corner, one would have to believe that Vader is goin' to get his rematch. The Mastodon deserves it, and knowin' the proud Shawn Michaels... he desperately wants it. There is no doubt in my mind that Vader has a shot—A SERIOUS SHOT—at being the next World Wrestling Federation Champion. HOWEVER, in order to achieve that goal—HE MUST GET RID OF CORNETTE!!! James E. has proven time and time again that he brings nothin' to the table with the exception of a full plate of food! And maybe, just maybe, being that the *Survivor Series* falls right around Thanksgiving, Cornette won't be able to tear himself away from the dinner table in time to be at ringside!!!

Later, pukes!

MY TRIP TO SEATTLE

SPACE NEEDLE

BY CRASH BANDICOOT™

3100
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KIDS TO ADULTS
K-A
CONTENT RATED BY
ESRB

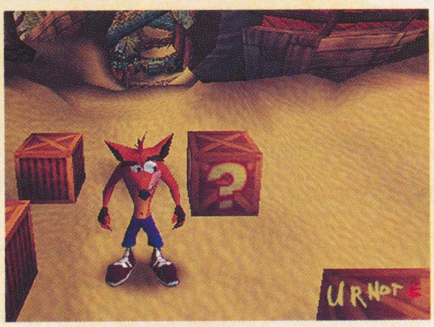
2. HERE'S ME AT THE SPACE NEEDLE.

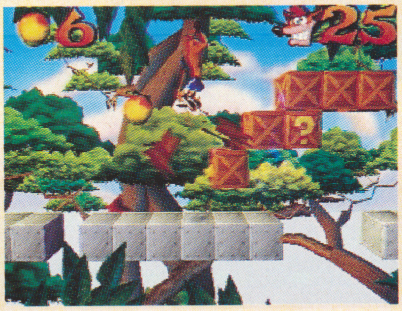
Seattle Slim's

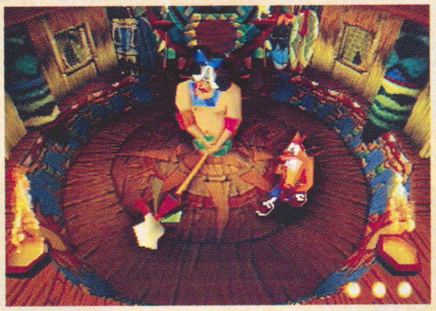
3. HERE'S ME WITH SOME OF THE GALS AT SEATTLE SLIM'S.

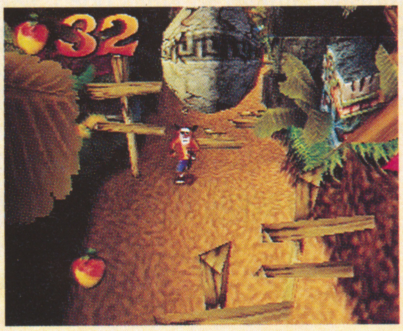
MY GAME →

CRASH BANDICOOT™









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MY LOGOS
↓

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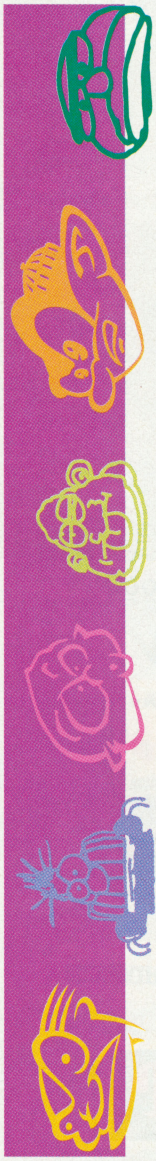
NAUGHTY DOG

PlayStation

TALES FROM THE TURNBUCKLE

All You Need To Know

Big Bang Boom On Tour



October

11	Victoria, BC, CN
12	Tacoma, WA
13	Anaheim, CA
20	Indianapolis, IN (IN YOUR HOUSE)
21	Ft. Wayne, IN (RAW)
22	Cincinnati, OH

November

1	Richmond, VA
2	Landover, MD
3	Worcester, MA
4	Halifax, NS, CN
5	St. John's, Newfoundland, CN
6	Sydney, NS, CN
7	St. John, NB, CN
8	Buffalo, NY
9	Milwaukee, WI
10	Cleveland, OH
17	New York City, NY (Survivor Series)
18	New Haven, CT (RAW)
19	Springfield, MA

YOU M
SEE

Have you ever been hiking—just your normal camping or mountain-climbing trip—and noticed that you were lost in the forest, separated from your loved ones? You see, in the forest there are no street signs to guide you or police officers to ask for directions. While you were walking in circles, have you ever gotten the sense that you weren't alone? Miles and miles of dense woods... and just you. But he's there, watching you from behind a tree. You may not see him at first, but you will once he finds you... and then it's too late. He's the Stalker... and the World Wrestling Federation is his new hunting ground.

Hailing from parts known as the "environment", the Stalker has entered the Federation in search of the biggest and baddest prey known to man—the superstars of the World Wrestling Federation.

For years, this man has spent his time hiding in the underbrush... the trees... the shadows of the forest in search of the biggest catch of them all.

Recently, Federation officials were invited to the Stalker's home in hopes of finding out more about this mysterious man. They were shocked to find out that not only does he call the environment his home—but he has been spending the past few years of his life dwelling there! Wallowing in the muck and grime of the rivers,

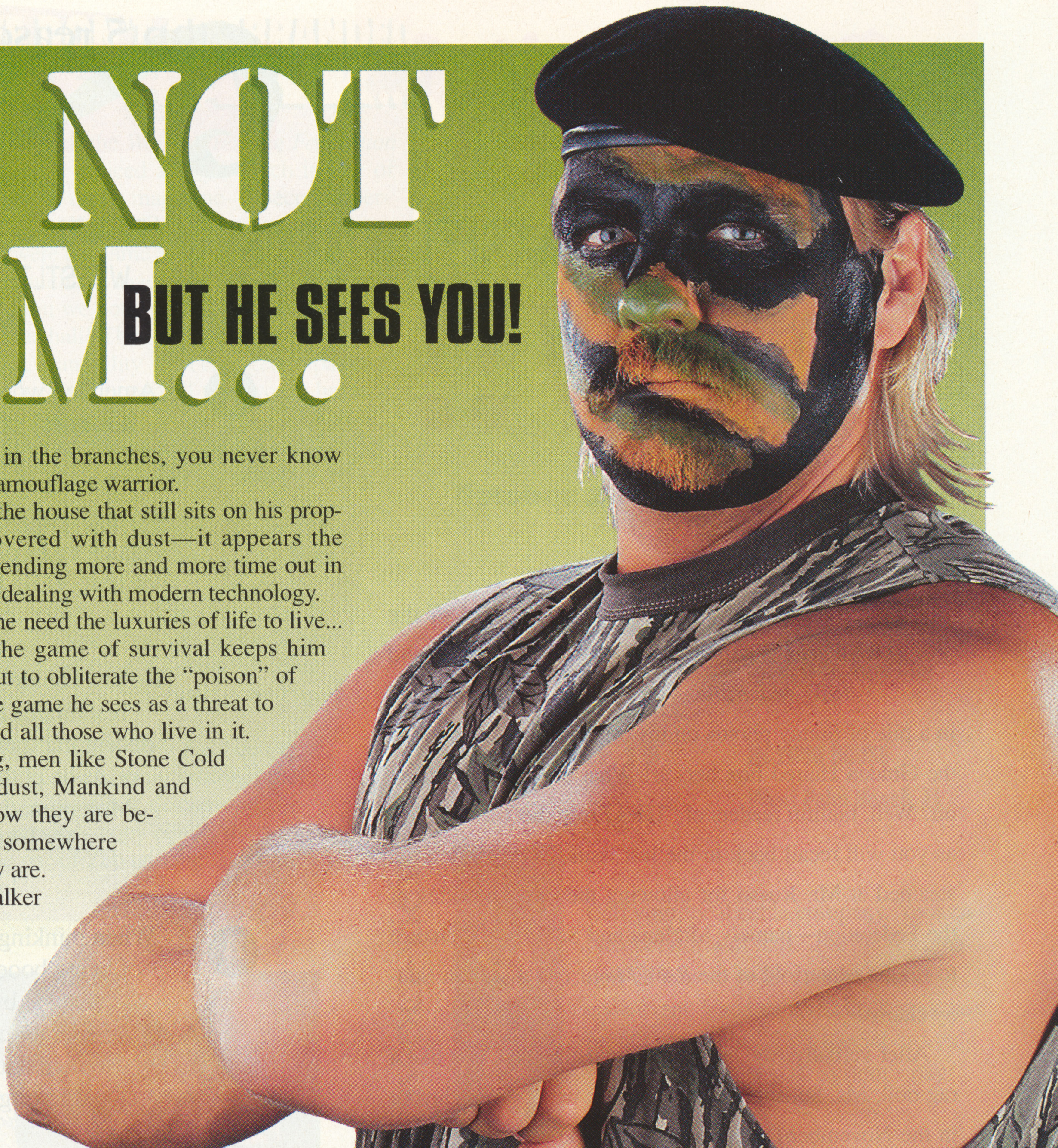
quote of the month

"..."

"Sunny has sat on more laps than a napkin!"

—Jim Cornette, on a recent *Monday Night RAW*

AY NOT HIM... BUT HE SEES YOU!



hiding high above in the branches, you never know where to find this camouflage warrior.

By the looks of the house that still sits on his property—furniture covered with dust—it appears the Stalker has been spending more and more time out in the wilderness than dealing with modern technology.

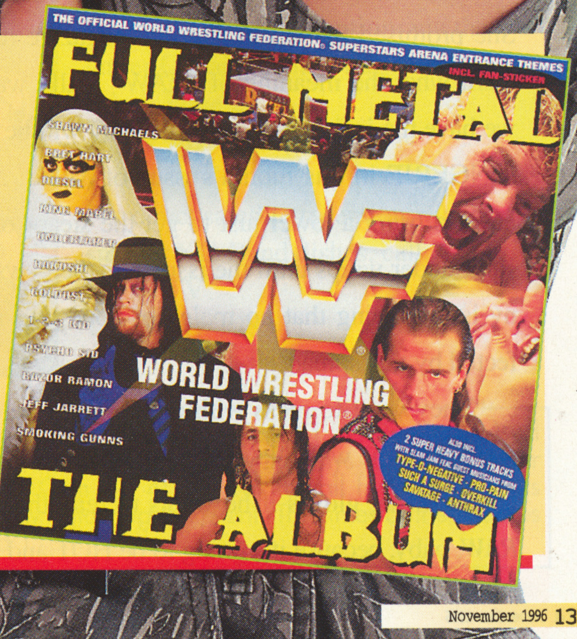
No longer does he need the luxuries of life to live... just the land and the game of survival keeps him alive. Now, he is out to obliterate the "poison" of the Federation—the game he sees as a threat to the environment and all those who live in it. Walking to the ring, men like Stone Cold Steve Austin, Goldust, Mankind and Vader may not know they are being watched... but somewhere in that building they are.

And once the Stalker has their attention, they WILL care about their survival... because they will be the hunted.

A FULL METAL MASTERPIECE

The first 2,500 cable or satellite customers who send in a copy of their cable bill showing purchase of October's *In Your House* will receive a free copy of the World Wrestling Federation Full Metal CD! A copy of the bill must be received by December 30, 1996. The copy MUST show proof of purchase!

All bills should be sent to:
WF September *In Your House*
P.O. Box 3857
Stamford, CT 06905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THE ALBUM

SUNNY RETURNS TO GET RAW!!

When we last saw the Editor-in-Chief of the *World Wrestling Federation Magazine* and *RAW Magazine*, Vince Russo, he was covered in a pile of Sunny photos on his office floor—courtesy of the Golden Haired Fox herself! What brought this attack on? Well, faithful readers of "Tales From the Turnbuckle", as you will recall back in the last issue, Sunny was a tad steamed at Mr. Russo for allowing the other beauties of the Federation—namely Marlena and Sable—the chance to fill the centerfold of the *RAW Magazine*, a section Sunny claims!

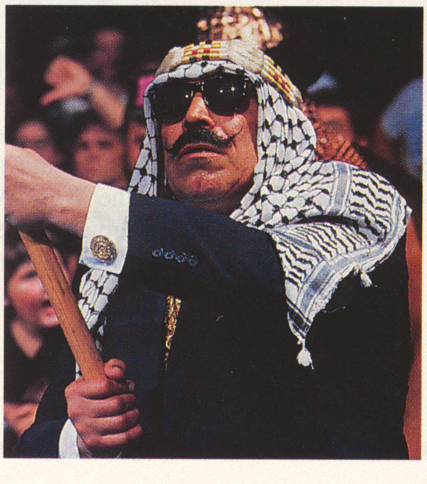
After verbally AND physically abusing the Chief like a rag doll, Ms. Sunshine finally got her way... a new layout in the November/December issue of the *RAW Magazine*! She promised the world that the magazine readers would learn what the meaning of "RAW" really was—and now we have the inside scoop! Yes, Sunny will be appearing in LINGERIE in this month's issue of *RAW*... and you may have to bring a towel just to get the steam off the pages! Kept under wraps until the issue hits the newsstands, Sunny is promising that no male hormone will remain unaffected by this spread!

"They want to mess with me?" Sunny said. "I'll show them what the word 'layout' is all about! Russo is going to have to wear gloves if he wants to read the next issue of *RAW*, baby, because it's going to be HOT and HEAVY!"

top 5 reasons why

THE IRON SHEIK RETURNED TO THE WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION AS A MANAGER:

1. American women only slap you if they reject your advances—camels tend to spit!
2. When a "Falls Count Anywhere" match takes place in the deserts of Iran, YOU KNOW it's going to be a LONG day!
3. He just couldn't find any Iranian restaurants that could make a decent marinara sauce anymore or, as he puts it, "like Mamma Mohammad Aziel Kabua Ala Kadahfi Akbar Marconi used to make"!
4. When thinking back to the days of being booed and hissed and cursed at by every fan in the Federation after singing the Iranian national anthem—it would bring a tear to his eye.
5. Four words: OJ Simpson Civil Trial!



JUST SO WE DON'T GET BRANDED BY THE HAWK...

In the September edition of the *World Wrestling Federation Magazine*, you may have noticed a slight glitch in one of our more popular features of the magazine—"Secret Superstar"! Apparently, Justin "Hawk" Bradshaw was the photo shown, but the hints were the same as the month before!

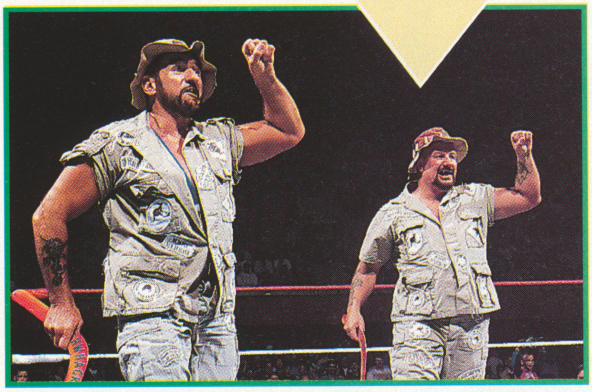
So there we were, with the magazine hot off the press in our little fingers when we noticed the Hawk and Uncle Zeb walking down our hall! Thinking we were about to get a heart-felt thanks, tranquility soon changed to panic when we ended up ducking a cowbell that would have put quite a dent in our noggins!

"What kind of blitherin' goo-heads you got checkin' yer mag-o-zeen down there," Zeb said. "Fess up, who made this blunder, boy?!"

All eyes in the room turned toward our horrified copy editor who ran out the door and hasn't been heard from since!

"We demand you put in that thar magazine an apology to Justin," Zeb said, "or we may end up crackin' some skulls next time we have to come down here! That thar goo-head got Justin mixed up with some other wrestler!"

Since discovering the glitch, Zeb has been extremely happy with our new copy editor, Janet Simms. Although we have not discovered the whereabouts of the previous copy editor, she was clearly not up to the par of Zeb and the Hawk in the September issue!



you don't say

Luke and Butch, the Bushwhackers, own one of the more popular restaurants in Tampa, Florida, called "Bushwhackers Down Under"! Don't worry... they don't cook the food! They have highly trained chefs to do that! And from what we hear, the food is pretty good, too, mates!

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

PAY•PER 1996 VIEW

October 20	IN YOUR HOUSE Indianapolis, IN
November 17	SURVIVOR SERIES MSG, New York City
December 15	IN YOUR HOUSE West Palm Beach, FL

how to order pay-per-view

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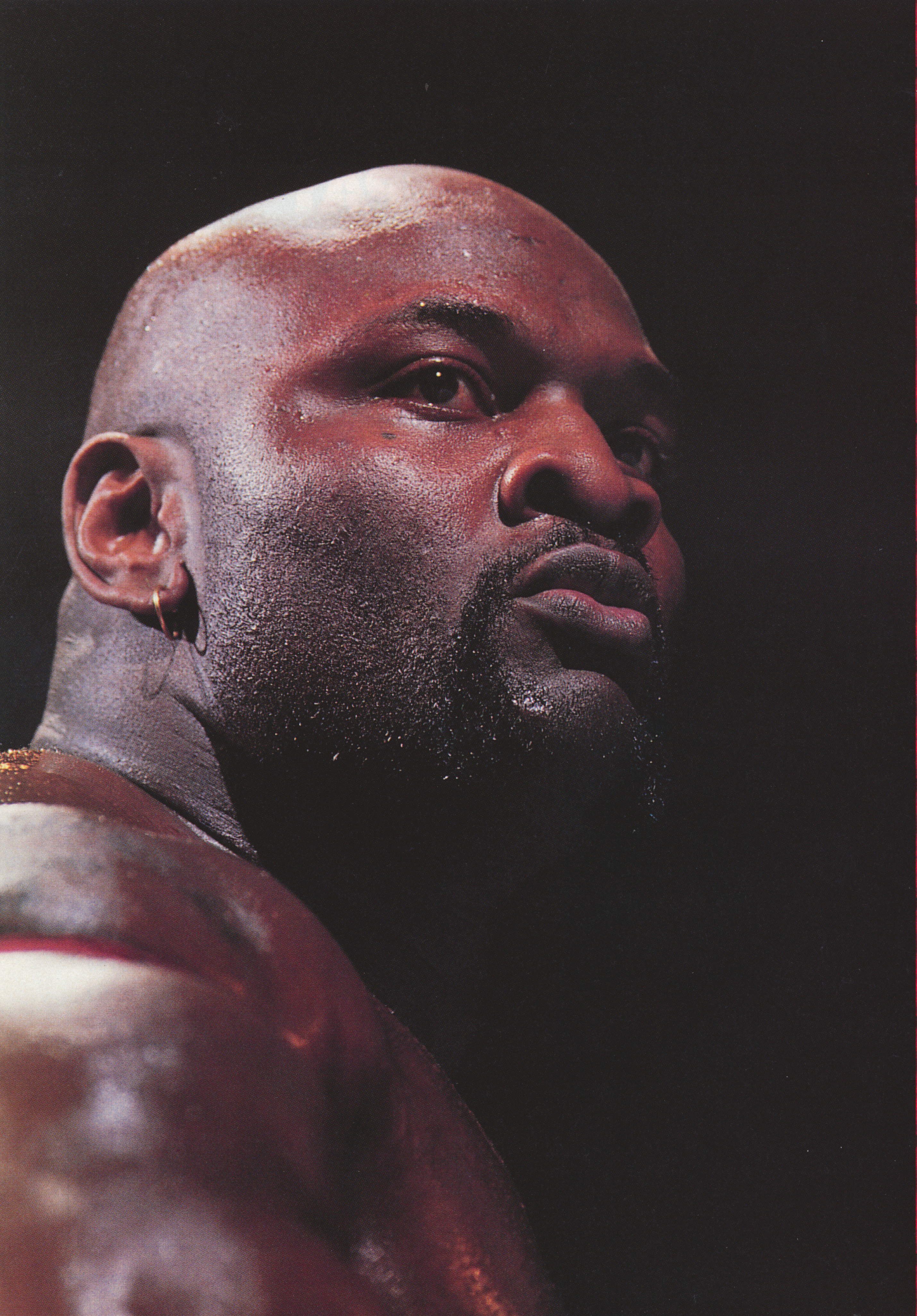
1-800-989-7526

For direct satellite reception, via the smaller KU-Band dishes, call:
Direct TV
1-800-347-3288

1) All events are on Sunday at 7pm ET. 2) Replays for all *In Your House* events at 9pm ET. 3) Replays for all five other events are at 10pm ET. 4) Encores for all five other events are the Tuesday following the event. The times of the encores are 8pm and 11pm ET.



BENEATH THE SKIN

PART II

AHMED JOHNSON

AN INTERVIEW CONDUCTED BY VINCE RUSSO

In Part I of Beneath the Skin in the October issue of *World Wrestling Federation Magazine*, we learned firsthand of the horrifying childhood experiences of Federation superstar Ahmed Johnson. In graphic detail, Ahmed described how an abusive father turned what should have been a loving childhood into a torturous, living hell. Now, in Part II of this shocking interview, Ahmed goes into even more details of his nightmarish youth, and explains how he was able to not only survive it but rise above it all.

EDITOR: From what I'm told, at the age of 13, you boarded a train headed for Indiana to escape your father's abuse. Is that true?

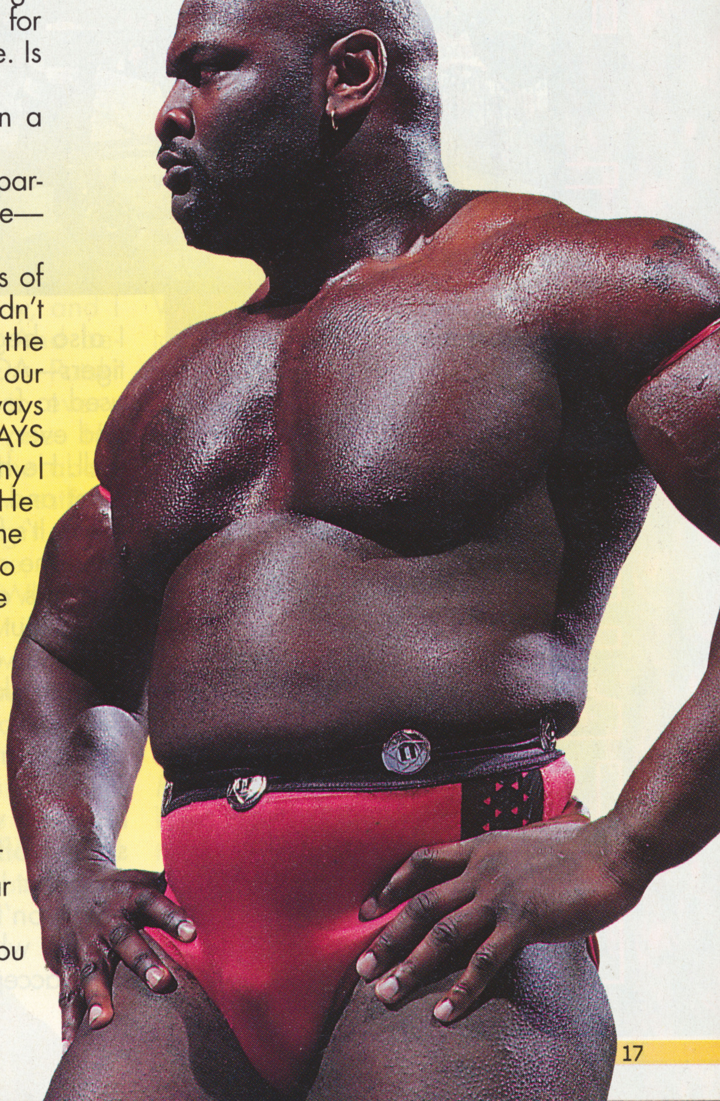
AHMED: Yes it is, Vince. I got on a train... and I left.

EDITOR: Was there one incident in particular that made you finally decide—that's it?

AHMED: Well, it was really a series of incidents. You see, my dad... I shouldn't even call him my !@#$% dad... the man... he would come in and out of our lives and she (my mother) would always accept him back. She would ALWAYS !@#$% accept him back. That's why I told you there were no excuses. He would leave for a year and then come back. He would leave for two months... and then come back. She would always !@#$% take him back. I also decided to leave because it got to the point where my mother couldn't take care of all of us... she couldn't feed all of us. I felt that it would cut down on some of her problems if I just left. That would at least leave more food for the other kids. So I left. I caught a little boxcar train to Indiana and I left.

EDITOR: Where did you go once you got to Indiana?

AHMED: Well, we had family in Indiana, but we were never close to any of them. We were always outcasts because we didn't have anything. We were !@#$% bums. We were the lowest of the low, Vince. If somebody didn't GIVE us something... we didn't have it. You've got to remember, you're talking about people who used to live out of trash cans. We used to go out every night and look in trash cans for food to eat.

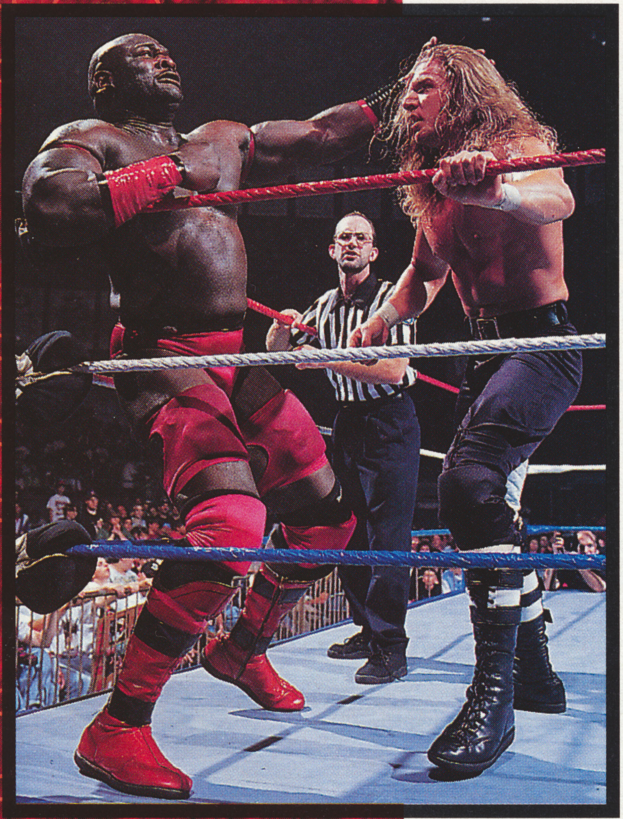


BENEATH THE SKIN

An Interview with Ahmed Johnson

EDITOR: So, what does a 13-year-old kid do out on his own in Indiana?

AHMED: Well, I hooked up with some other people who were also homeless, and we took up shelter in a little abandoned house. I didn't stay in Indiana that long, though. Shortly after that, I headed back to Florida and I got with the Bloods. At that point I got into some trouble. That's when I got sent to the boys' home. In reality, that was the best thing that could have happened to me. That's when I started to change my life. I got out of the boys' home at age 17 with a high school education. From there I went to work at Circuit World with a guy named Dave MacMillian. It turned out that Dave trained lions and tigers, which meant that I also began training lions and tigers—ACTUAL lions and tigers. I used to feed them in the morning and everything! He paid me very well. He helped me get an apartment and I eventually got myself a car. It's funny because I was the only one of high school age who had his own car and his own place. But I never even once had a woman come over... I just didn't do stuff like that. I never got into drugs or anything. That's the proud part of my life. I mean, I still had a lot of problems, mentally... there were a lot of things that set me off... but, that's the one thing that I was and am still proud of. I don't accept excuses from people who are on drugs. I just can't accept that. That's why, with as much as I went through, people can't understand why I'm not on cocaine or an alcoholic or doing something to find excuses for a way out of my world. The fact is... there is no way out... I live it every day. That's why some of the guys (other Federation superstars) think I'm conceited. They don't understand that I just choose to be by myself because I have a hard time interacting with people because of my past.



EDITOR: So you were finally at a point in your life where you seemed to have overcome the obstacles and you were in a position to make a life for yourself. At about this time you made a connection with the National Football League. Can you tell us how that came about?

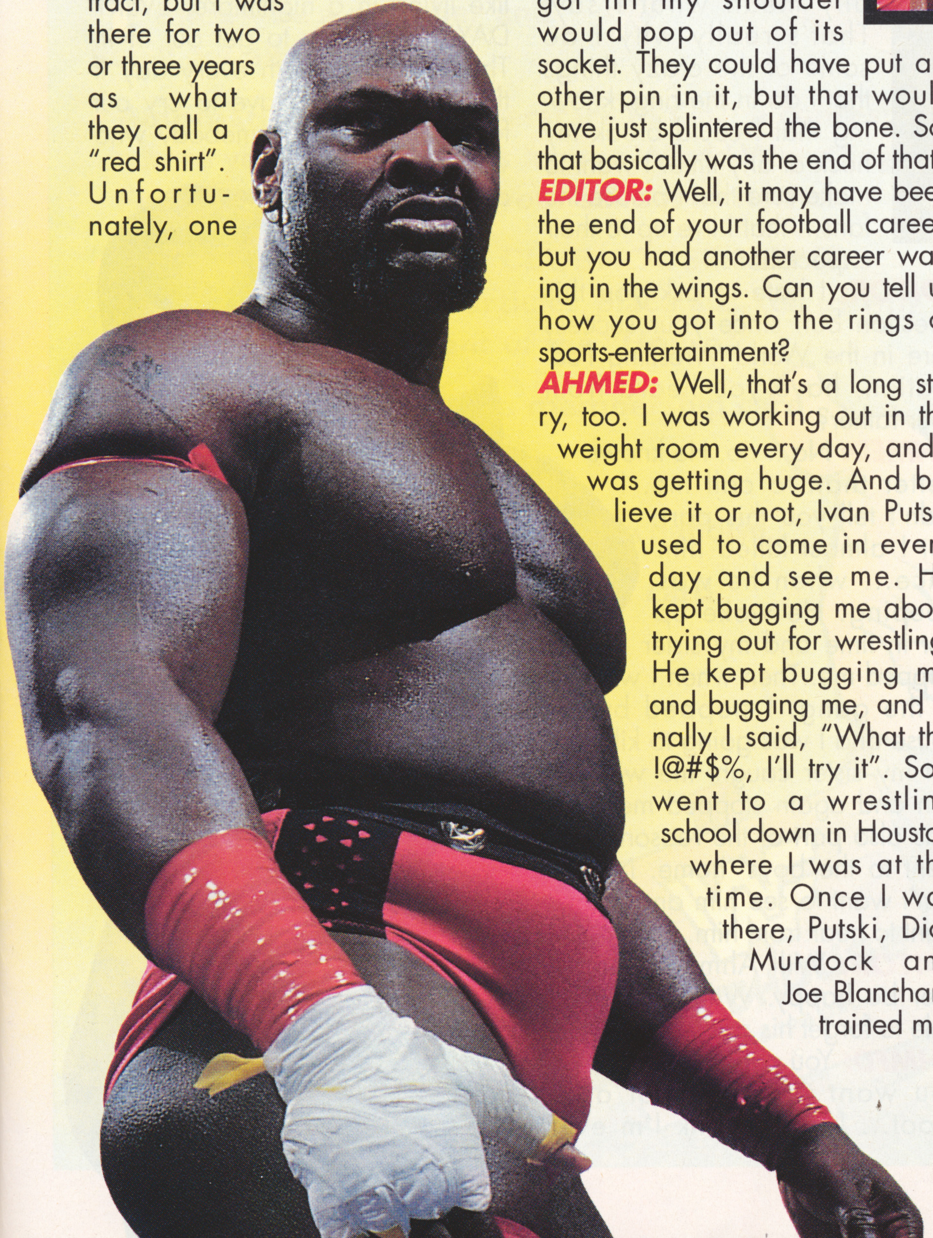
AHMED: Well, before that, I have to tell you that I got married right out of school at 17 years of age. It didn't work. It lasted for about four years, but once again my personal problems were just too much. They got in the way. To this day I still have sleeping disorders. Sometimes I wake up in cold sweats, sometimes I wake up in temper tantrums. My wife didn't understand... she COULDN'T understand. She just couldn't deal with it. So, we got divorced and I haven't been married since. I can't find a woman who I think would be capable of dealing with that. I wouldn't want anybody to have to deal with that either. Anyway, once I got divorced I was kind of sitting around doing nothing and for some reason—I don't know why—I decided to go to a football scout camp even though I had never played football on a serious level before. I was just going to check it out... to watch. I never planned on trying out. As I'm sitting there watching, one of the scouts came up to me and asked me if I was trying out. When I told him I wasn't, he said, "As big as you are, what are you kidding me?" So, the next thing I know... I'm trying out! I mean, I didn't even have any shoes! The guy had to go down to the academy and get me a pair of shoes!

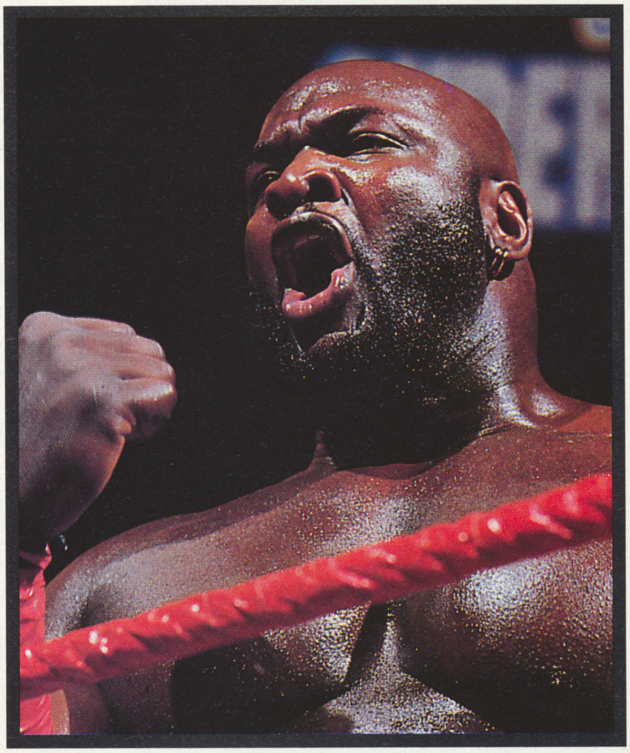
EDITOR: How did the tryout go?

AHMED: Better than I could ever have dreamed! I ran an outstanding 40, I had one of the best vertical jumps there and I out-bench-pressed everybody! These were abilities that I didn't even know I had! The next thing I knew, out of 300 guys only three were chosen and I was one of them. When they called my name it was like God was watching over me. It was a blessing from him. I mean, I didn't even plan on trying out and the next thing I know I'm a Dallas Cowboy!

EDITOR: Tell us a little about your football career.

AHMED: It went very well. I was never under contract, but I was there for two or three years as what they call a "red shirt". Unfortunately, one morning I had one of my fits... a really bad nightmare. It was about 4 o'clock in the morning and it was storming real bad outside. I remember getting in my Jeep with the top off and riding down the road. I was out of it. I flipped my Jeep down a hill and the next thing I knew the paramedics were around me and the Jeep was on top of me. It crushed my shoulder really, really bad. It ripped my ligaments, broke my bones... it just wiped out my shoulder. After that I attempted to play football again, but every time I got hit my shoulder would pop out of its socket. They could have put another pin in it, but that would have just splintered the bone. So, that basically was the end of that.





EDITOR: Well, it may have been the end of your football career, but you had another career waiting in the wings. Can you tell us how you got into the rings of sports-entertainment?

AHMED: Well, that's a long story, too. I was working out in the weight room every day, and I was getting huge. And believe it or not, Ivan Putski used to come in every day and see me. He kept bugging me about trying out for wrestling. He kept bugging me and bugging me, and finally I said, "What the !@#$%, I'll try it". So I went to a wrestling school down in Houston where I was at the time. Once I was there, Putski, Dick Murdock and Joe Blanchard trained me. From there, here I am!

EDITOR: How did you get into the World Wrestling Federation?

AHMED: I was wrestling on the independent circuit in Texas, mostly at the Dallas Sportitorium. Skandar Akbar was the promoter at the time. I called J. J. Dillon, who was then and still is the vice president of Talent Administration at TitanSports, and I told him I was interested in becoming a part of the World Wrestling Federation. He told me that they were having tryouts at Padre Island, so I went. They were all there—Luger, Bulldog—and when they saw me they were ecstatic! They said, "Man, YOU MADE IT!" I remember Mike Rotundo (IRS) was the agent at the time, and he told me I was the most agile big man that he had ever seen in his life! From there they gave me a call and the rest is history!

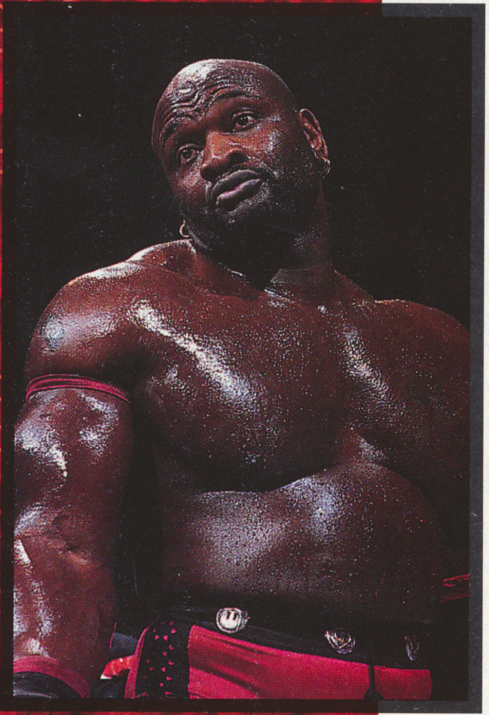
EDITOR: Ahmed, let's turn our sights a minute to June 25, 1996. *King of the Ring*—the night you became World Wrestling Federation Intercontinental Champion. You had survived. You had overcome it all. The poverty, the abuse... the tragedy. You had reached the pinnacle not only of

BENEATH THE SKIN

An Interview with Ahmed Johnson

your career... but your life. How did you feel at that very moment?

AHMED: Well, you know, Vince, it made me feel really good, but in all honesty... what I hate about myself is that I don't really enjoy myself. I don't enjoy myself at all. I was more happy to win the Intercontinental belt for my family and the people. Me, personally... I was happy to win it, but I think I was more happy to know that I made other people proud. The fans who were in attendance that night gave me such a big lift... they were so happy. I mean, there are some guys who say things they don't mean, but I believe that my fans know that I really mean what I say. That's really why I do some of the crazy things that I do in the ring, knowing that I could break my neck at any time. I want to make sure that I please the fans... that I live up to their expectations.



EDITOR: I hate to ask you this question but, since your success here in the World Wrestling Federation, have you heard from your father?

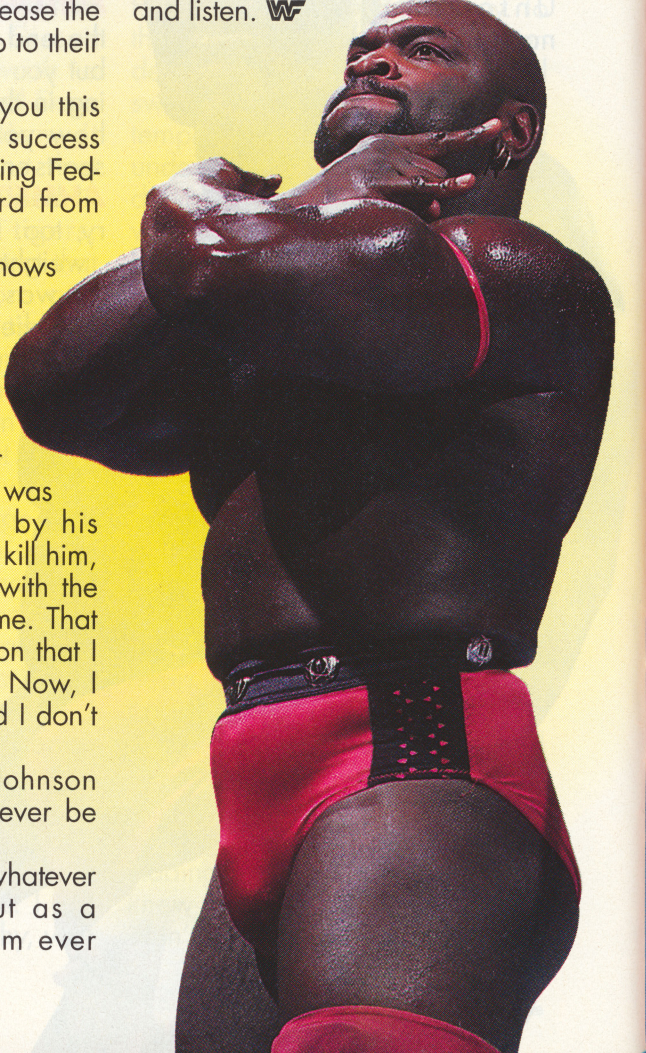
AHMED: No... no. He knows better than to call me. I didn't tell you this part, but I almost killed him once... when he was sleeping. He woke up just in time and my sister stopped me. Then when I was in the gang, I stopped by his house and I was going to kill him, but my sister caught me with the gun and again stopped me. That was also part of the reason that I went to the boys' home. Now, I don't want to see him and I don't want to hear from him.

EDITOR: Will Ahmed Johnson ever be happy. Will he ever be able to forget his past?

AHMED: You can write whatever you want to write, but as a shoot... I don't think I'm ever going to be happy... honestly. Maybe if I had a wife and kids—people besides the fans—loved ones... that I was doing this for. Now, I love the fans, but I'm talking about somebody at home. Someone who would love me for me. I haven't had that yet. I don't think I ever had anybody in my life who loved me for me... or loved me period. That would make me happy. But right now I think my happiest moments are when I'm making other people happy.

EDITOR: Ahmed, what would you say to children who are suffering abuse at home?

AHMED: I would tell them that they've got to get help. They've got to get out of it! Vince, I'm telling you, this is the worst !@#$% nightmare. Every day it's like living in a nightmare. EVERY DAY! They have to get out of it. They'll live in death every day if they don't. They have to cry out for help and find somebody who will understand and listen.



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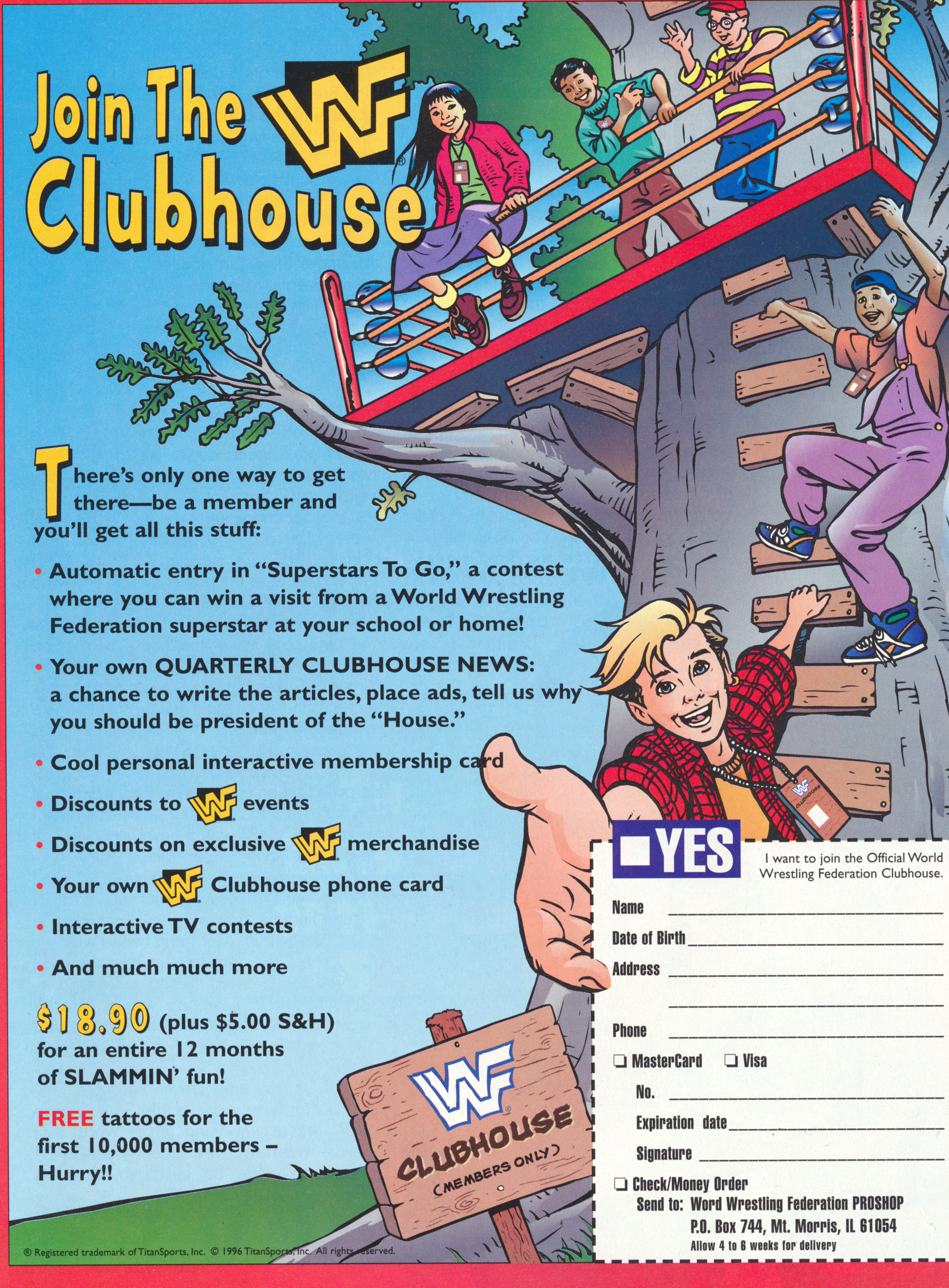

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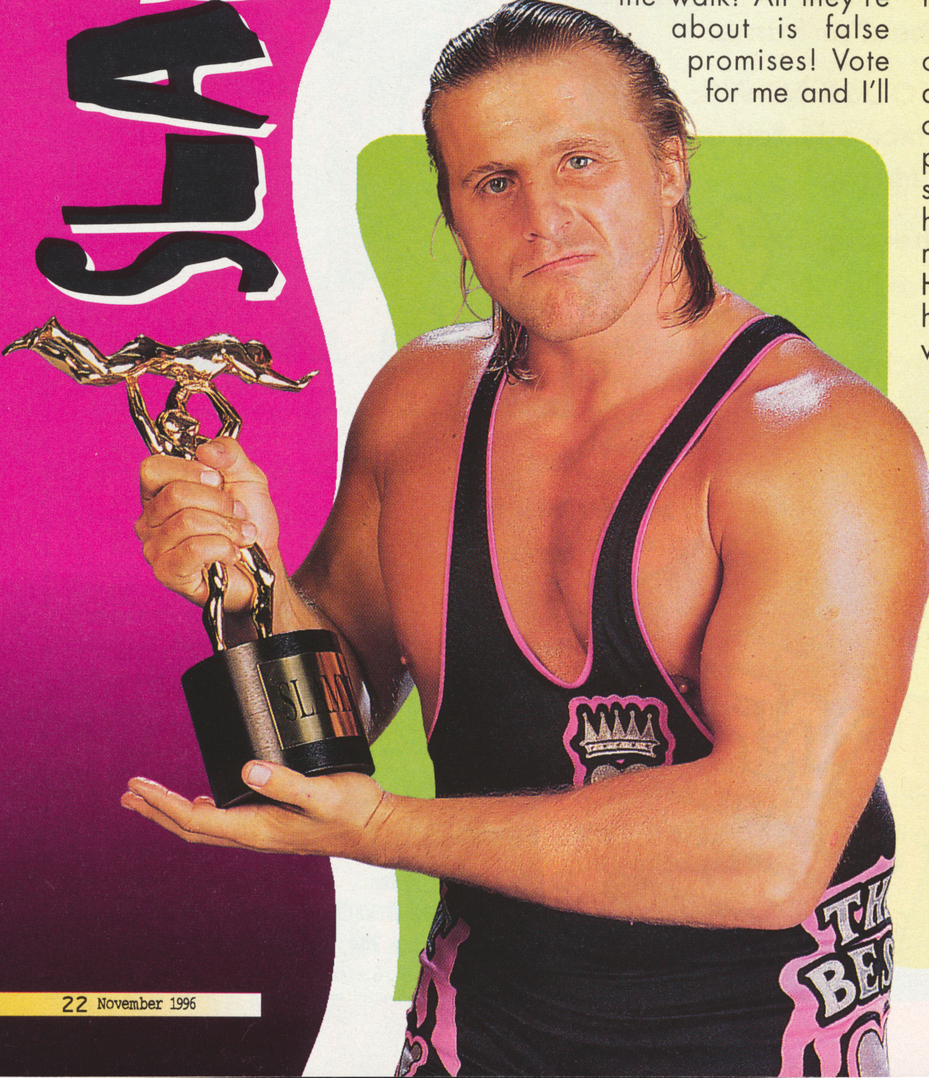
THE WORDS OF OWEN HART

SLAMMY THIS!!!

First of all, let me just say that it is the honor of *World Wrestling Federation Magazine* to now have me, the Slammy Award-winning Owen Hart, as a columnist for this rag of a publication. Maybe somebody will finally bring some class and dignity to this trashy tabloid!

Now, before I begin to reel off my innermost thoughts of genius, I just want to make one thing perfectly clear—I got this column on my own. There was no help from Jim Cornette, my stinking brother Bret and especially Clarence Mason. I had no help whatsoever—I earned this privilege on my own by just being me.

With the facts now out of the way, the first thing that I want to talk about is politics. Many of you may not know this—not only am I a great wrestler, but I am also one of the most highly respected political analysts in the country. As you know, I am a citizen of Canada, and being from that great country, I can only look across the border and laugh at what's going on in the United States. Bill Clinton and Bob Dole have to stop talking the talk and start walking the walk! All they're about is false promises! Vote for me and I'll give you this. Why can't they be more like me! I promise and I deliver! I said I was better than Bret and in 1994 at *WrestleMania X*... I beat him! This brings me to my next point—why do these two guys choose to live in the past?! They keep dwelling on what they did BEFORE they decided to run for the presidency! Live in the now, guys!!! Don't dwell on what you did years ago!



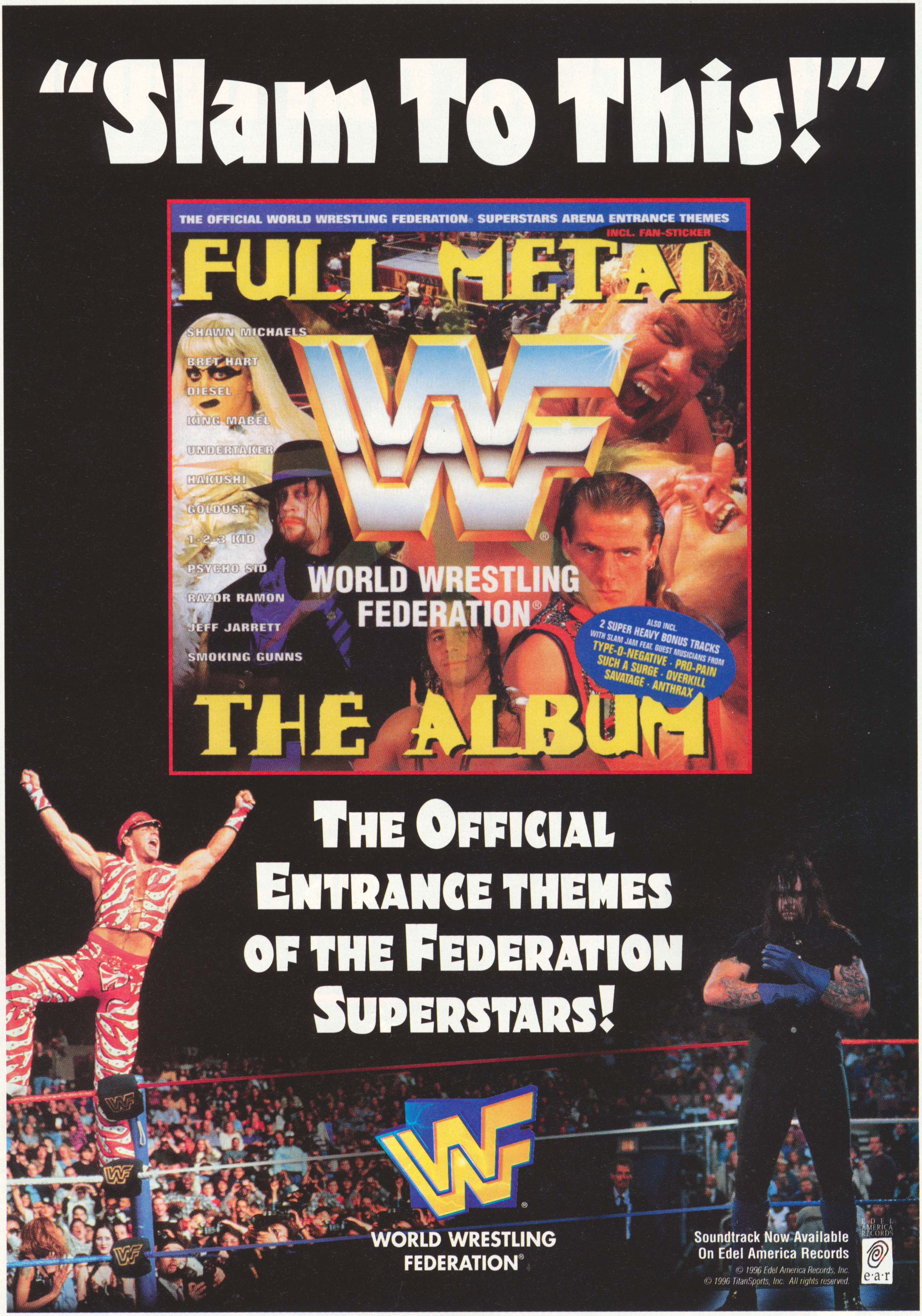
And yeah, while I'm on the subject, there's one more thing that makes me sick to my stomach—all those people on welfare who are getting a free ride courtesy of the good working people like Owen Hart. Get a job, you bums! Get an education and quit riding my back!

AND speaking of FREE RIDES, how about that Mark Henry?! One word of warning, muscle head—there's a lot more to what we do than just going out to the ring with all those muscles. The fact is, I myself won many weight-lifting championships in my day, but I had to study and learn the craft of professional wrestling in order to become the King of Harts. It didn't just happen—I EARNED IT! Yes, you do have the power, but do you have the endurance? Can you even take a punch?

And while I'm on a roll, allow me to let just one other cat out of the bag—there is no question that Sable would prefer to be in the corner of Owen Hart than Marc Mero! I suspect that the poor thing is terrorized by the so-called "Wildman". I believe that he forces her to be in his corner! I mean, the guy hit me with a fiberglass cast, for crying out loud! He pulled off an injured man's cast and beat him with it! It's shameless! It's something that I would never do! I would never stoop to that level! This lunatic is capable of doing anything! Sable, I just want to say, "Honey, I know you fantasize about me, and if I can find the time in my busy schedule to save you from your living hell—I will!"

And speaking of the cast, how all you cold-hearted, gutless fans could insinuate that my injury was a fake all along really disappoints me! What kind of a man would fake his own injury? A DESPERATE MAN—THAT'S WHAT KIND! Do you think Owen Hart is a desperate man? How can a KING be desperate? I have everything in the world that I ever wanted, because I earned it! Me, nobody else. So, for all you doubting Thomases out there—

SLAMMY THIS!
LATER!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BAD NEWS FOR BROWN,

BATTLE ROYAL ▪ W

In the rich history of the World Wrestling Federation, there have always been matches that have intrigued both fans and Federation officials alike. After more than one thousand years of wrestlers simply pinning each other to get the victory, professional wrestlers came to the realization that the "specialty match" was what the fans ultimately wanted to see—and it was a new way for the superstars to finish off their opponents! In the upcoming *World Wrestling Federation's Limited Edition Collector's Series Vol. III*, entitled "Showdown: Settling the Score... The Hard Way", Federation fans will be able to read about the GREATEST specialty matches of all time! From steel cages, battle royals, hog pens, caskets and MUCH MORE, you'll read about it all! The following is just a SAMPLE article of what to expect from this NEW Limited Edition Collector's Series on sale at newsstands everywhere!

When the fans of the World Wrestling Federation think of ringmaster Bret "Hit Man" Hart, they often think of the technician who conquered men like Diesel, Ric Flair and Jerry Lawler on various occasions. They think of a son who trained for years in his father's dungeon in Calgary, Alberta, Canada... who would one day wear the World Wrestling Federation Title around his waist on three separate occasions. What the young fans of the Federation—the fans not able to

By Bill Banks

AS BRET LOSES HART

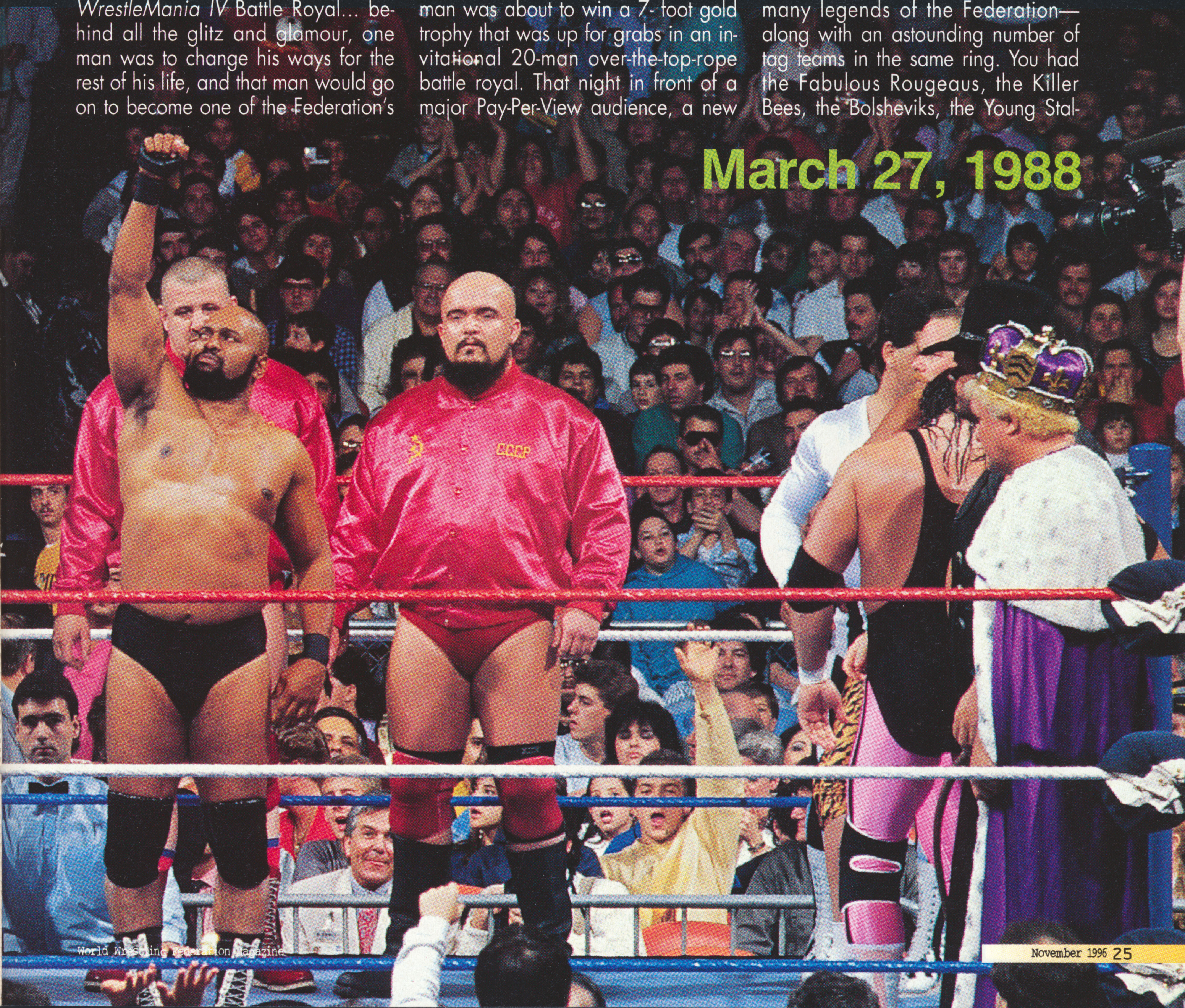
RESTLEMANIA IV

remember Hart's early days as a pro—don't realize is that Bret wasn't always the fan favorite he is today. For a long period of time, Bret was teamed with Jim "The Anvil" Neidhart, and the Hart Foundation was known as one of the most rulebreaking teams in Federation history.

That would all change at the *WrestleMania IV* Battle Royal... behind all the glitz and glamour, one man was to change his ways for the rest of his life, and that man would go on to become one of the Federation's elite... one included on the short list of Triple Crown winners.

As Donald Trump watched from his ringside seat, he realized that he had quite possibly the greatest annual sporting event right before his eyes. The date was March 27, 1988... the site, Trump Plaza Hotel and Casino, Atlantic City, New Jersey, and one man was about to win a 7-foot gold trophy that was up for grabs in an invitational 20-man over-the-top-rope battle royal. That night in front of a major Pay-Per-View audience, a new Federation Champion would be determined, the Tag Team Title would change hands... and Bret Hart would learn a valuable lesson inside a ring with 20 other superstars, including Bad News Brown.

Looking back on the 20-man melee, never before had there been a battle royal that would include so many legends of the Federation—along with an astounding number of tag teams in the same ring. You had the Fabulous Rougeaus, the Killer Bees, the Bolsheviks, the Young Stal-



March 27, 1988

ROUGEAU
ROUGEAU

lions and the Hart Foundation—exactly half the total participants were tag teams! The other members of the brawl were such notables as Harley Race, Sika, Ron Bass, Junkyard Dog, Hillbilly Jim, George "The Animal" Steele and Ken Patera... all legends of the Federation! There were so many "side notes" within this battle royal itself... that's what ultimately made it so special in the minds of fans for years to come. The stage was set for the most anticipated Battle Royal ever and the ending would shock the world.

As the bell sounded, there was no clowning around—19 men collapsed against each other like a tidal wave, fists pumping the entire time. Only 19 I say? One competitor—George "The Animal" Steele—had yet to step into the ring and seemed content enough to aggravate everyone and anyone he could on the concrete floor outside the ring. Ironically enough, Steele was actually able to eliminate someone—Jim Neidhart, after a tug of the shirt—while special guest announcer "Mr. Baseball" Bob Uecker, who announced many of the matches along with Gorilla Monsoon, explained his special "take" on the battle royal.

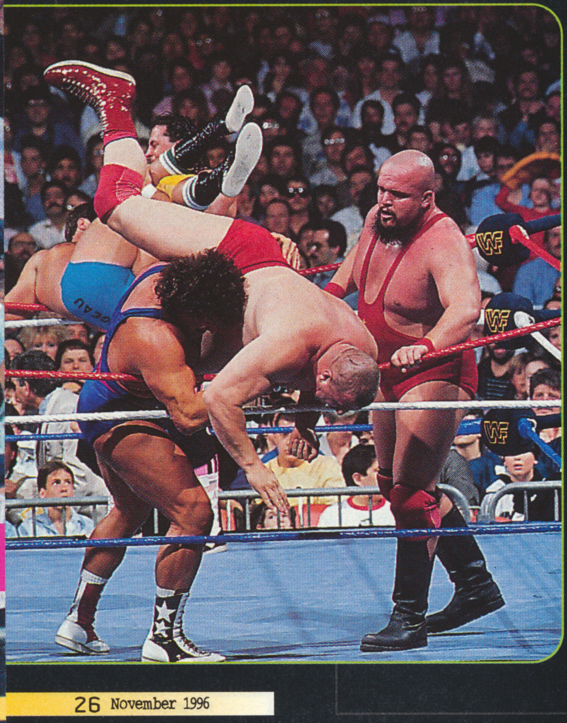
"This looks a lot like final cut day at baseball spring training," Uecker joked. "Billy Martin HAS to be in there somewhere!"

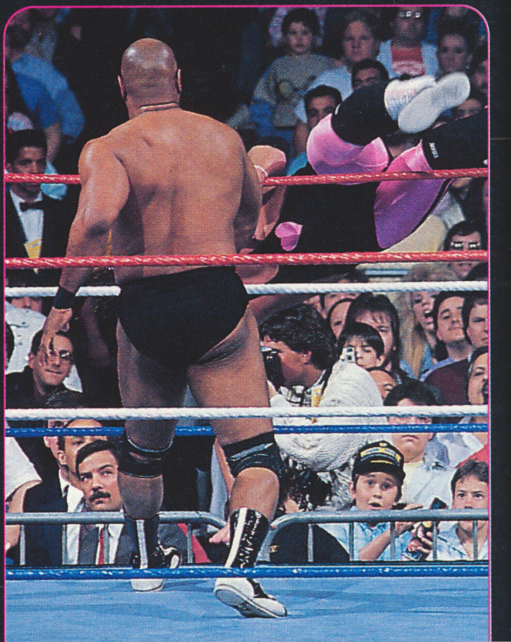
Uecker clearly wasn't the wrestling guru at the announcer's booth, but he knew an all-out brawl when he saw one. The first man to head back to the showers that night was Sam Houston, courtesy of Danny Davis, the referee-turned-rulebreaking wrestler. For over a year, Davis broke EVERY rule in the book as a wrestler... and the fans developed a healthy hatred for him because of it. Every fan of the Federation wanted Davis thrown out of the ring like a sack of potatoes that night—-and they were overjoyed when Young Stallion member Paul Roma tossed Davis out face-first.

After that, many other in-ring confrontations occurred. First, Hillbilly Jim was thrown out by both of the Bolsheviks. Seeing his friend double-teamed by the two Russians, Ken Patera quickly became enraged and attacked Boris and Nikolai. It was the American patriot versus the two hated Russians—and the fans in attendance rooted like mad for the former Olympic star. With power never displayed inside any ring, Patera easily eliminated both of the burly communists... some people to this day say that Patera wouldn't have been able to accomplish that feat had not the crowd been behind him all the way. But while Patera was celebrating at the ropes and full of energy, the Olympic weightlifter didn't notice Bad News Brown sneaking up behind him. After a punch to the head by Brown's "infamous" black glove, Patera was history.

Next on the list of interesting ring confrontations that night was the inevitable face-to-face between the Junkyard Dog and Harley Race. You see, a year before at *WrestleMania III*, the Dog challenged Race for his title of "King" of the Federation. He failed to walk out of the Pontiac Silverdome that day with the crown and cape, but the Dog never gave up hope for revenge... and now it was right in front of him in the ring! After a brief stare-down, Race grabbed Junkyard's head and delivered a headbutt with as much force as he could put behind it. Apparently, Race failed to do his homework on the Dog, because he would have realized the Junkyard's skull was thicker than any ringpost in the Federation! The Dog reared back his fist and literally LAUNCHED Race out of the ring with a hard right. Dog had gotten his revenge, and Race was kissing the cold concrete floor.

In the span of about 15 minutes, the number of participants went from 20 competitors to only four... proof that every man was indeed out for





himself with a "win at all costs" attitude. The final competitors? Junkyard Dog, Bad News Brown, Bret "Hit Man" Hart and Paul Roma. One of these men would walk out that night with the golden trophy—or would he?

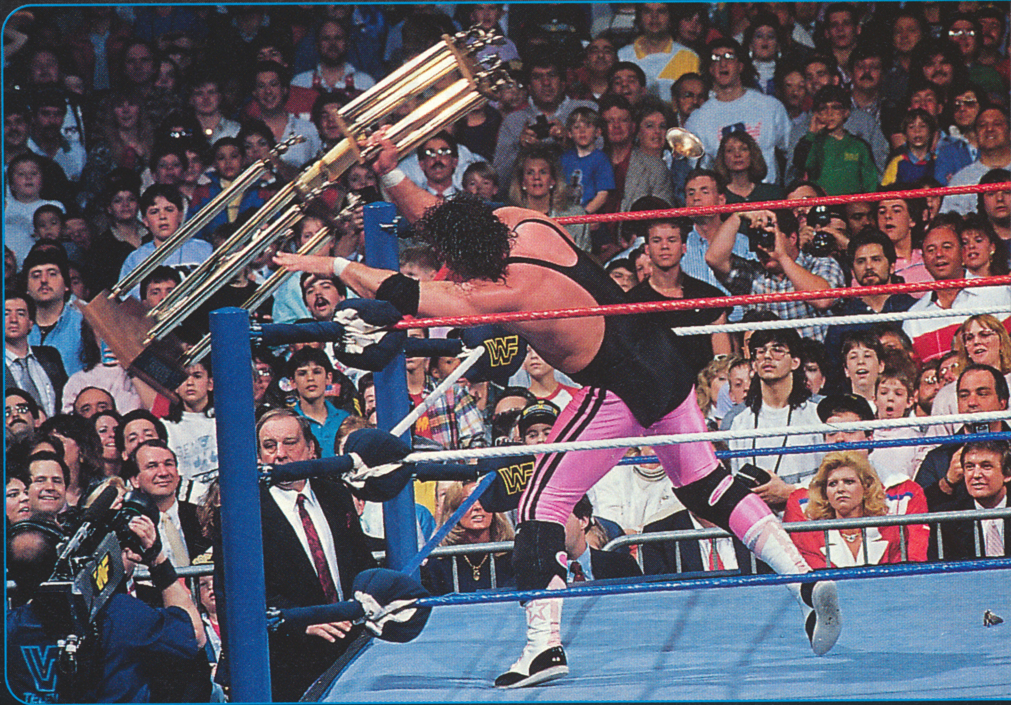
"It's dangerous out there," Monsoon said. "There are arms and legs flying everywhere. When I was in my prime, I used to hate this kind of match."

Each man took an opponent—Bad News tackled Paul Roma while the Hit Man clubbed away at the Junkyard Dog. As we soon learned, Roma was certainly no match for a big man like Bad News, and he was quickly discarded out of the ring. Watching closely, you could easily see a look of fear fill the Dog's face. He had been battered the entire melee, and he knew he wouldn't have enough strength left to take out these two superstars. Immediately, Bret held Junkyard's arms and waited for Bad News to strike with a clothesline. Unfortunately for Bret, the Dog ducked and Hart ate an armful of clothesline!

Seeing his ONLY chance to eliminate one—if not both—of these men, the Dog dropped down in his trademark dog stance and proceeded to headbutt both Hart and Brown till he could mount an effective offense. Unfortunately for the Dog, Bret and Bad News were still too fresh, and they stalked him like two lions hunting an injured prey. The strike was hard and swift... Bad News clocked the Dog in the back of the head with such a fist that "Mr. THUMP's" eyes rolled into the back of his head. It was over for the Dog, as he was easily dumped over the ropes by both competitors.

Two men remained in the ring... but over the next few minutes, the ending to this battle royal would take quite an interesting turn. Bad News and Bret celebrated in the ring, exchanging high-fives and handshakes. At one point, they even raised each other's hands in a double victory sign. It appeared both men had made a pact—or had they?

"I think both of these guys have decided to split the purse money, Ueck," Gorilla said. "Bad News and the Hit Man may have just won this thing!"



As quickly as those words poured from Gorilla's mouth, history was about to change. Both Bret and Brown turned to separate parts of the audience... gloating about the win. As Brown faced away from the camera, you could see his back stiffening... and when he turned back to the camera, a look of force, plain and simple, appeared on his bullish face In one swift move, Brown jumped up in the air and executed his trademark move—the Ghetto Blaster. Bret never saw the boot that hit the back of his head... the only thing he saw was the concrete floor just before it knocked him silly.

"Well, folks, it's a double-cross by Brown," Monsoon said, after a few seconds. "That's a Pearl Harbor job if I've ever seen one!"

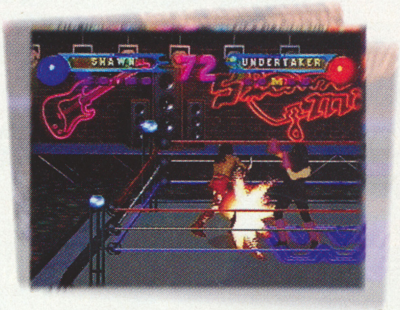
As Bret lay on the floor, it took three referees to hoist that giant golden trophy into the ring for Bad News. They placed it in the middle of the ring, where he gloated to the audience while pointing at it. Indeed, it was a trophy that any man would cherish in his trophy case! What a pity it only took Bret a few seconds to turn it into shrapnel.

Bret snuck into the ring behind Bad News and dropkicked him in the back of the head. The force of the dropkick sent Brown through the ropes and outside onto the floor. The Hit Man took both ends of the trophy and bent it in half. He then hoisted it up so far in the air that when he smashed it down onto the mat, it sounded like a cannon booming inside the arena. What was left of the trophy—mostly bent pieces of metal—were showered down upon Brown as he walked away from the ring. Brown was still the winner of the battle royal, but all his back-stabbing got him was a 100 pounds of mangled gold trophy and a very upset Bret Hart.

That night, that moment marked a crossroads for Bret "Hit Man" Hart in his career. It was foreign for him to hear applause and when he did, he seemed to enjoy it! Bret went on to become a triple-crown winner, taking the Tag Team, Intercontinental and Federation Title—all three on more occasions than one. Bad News, on the other hand, drifted through the Federation until he disappeared a few years later, never fully realizing his potential. The battle royal held that night was special to many people, and it ultimately marked the moment when Bret Hart became his own man.

"Bad News Brown made a HUGE mistake by crossing the Hit Man tonight, folks," Monsoon said. "You should NEVER double-cross Bret 'Hit Man' Hart!"

THERE GOES THE



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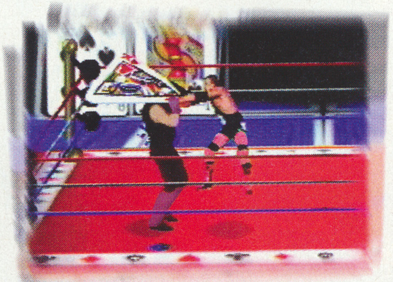

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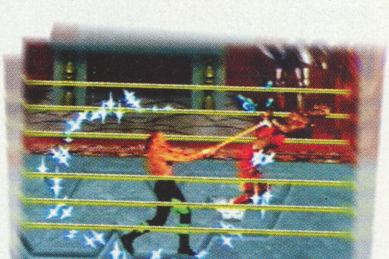

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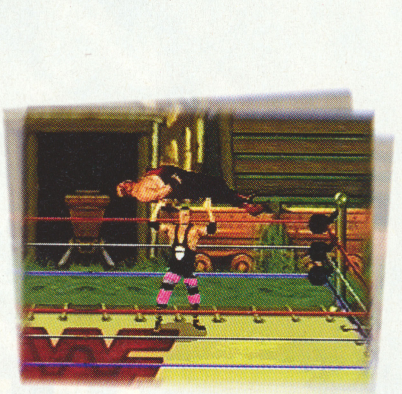

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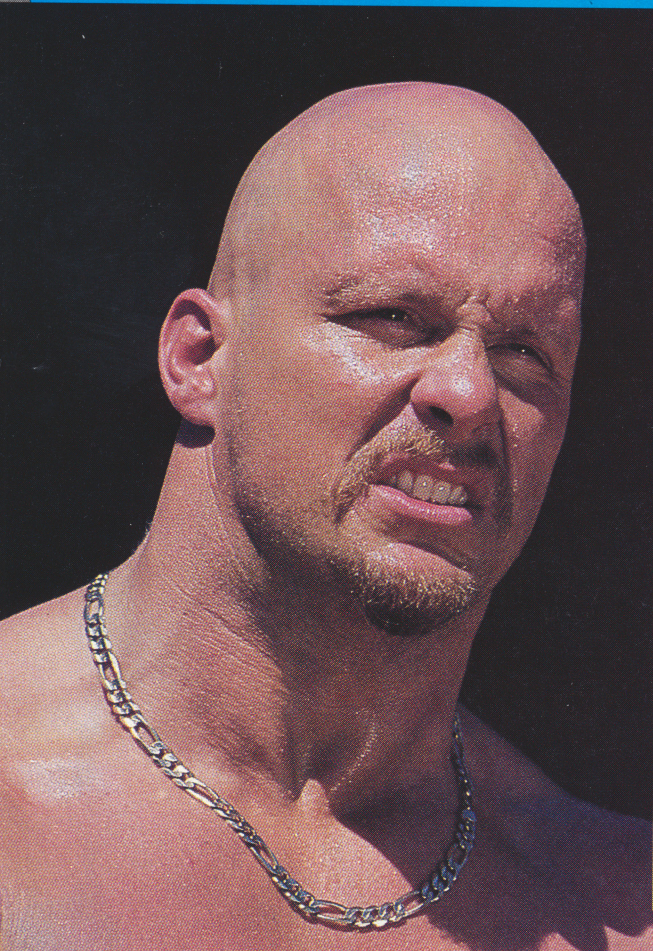
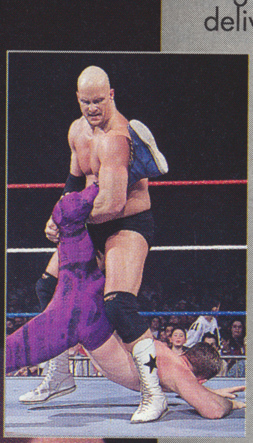
AS STONE COLD AS HE WANTS TO BE...





He doesn't want to sign your autographs...

"I'm not kissing any snot-nosed rug-rat" is his common reply...

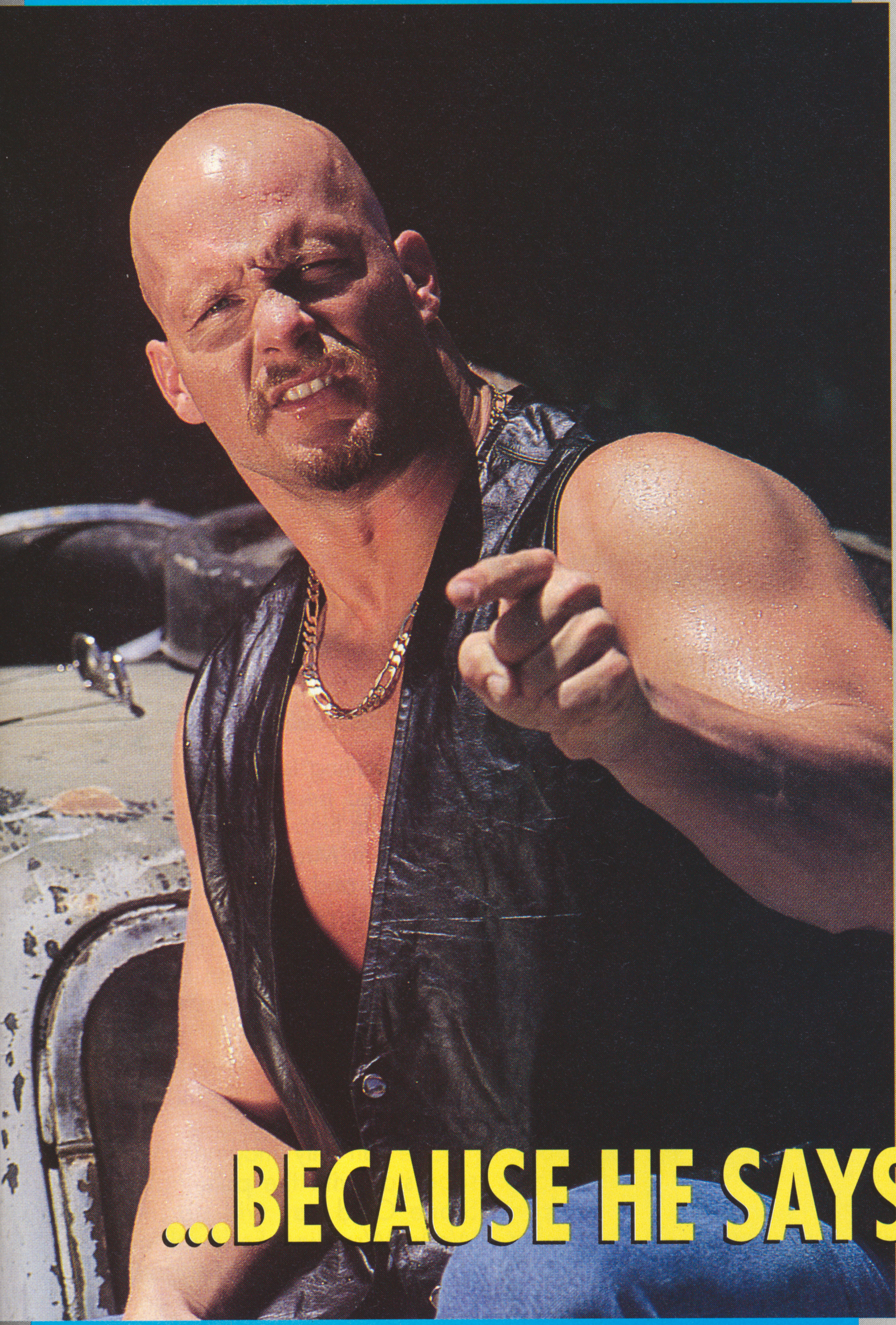
Laughing at homeless people on his days off?

It's all routine for the man known as the King of the World Wrestling Federation—Stone Cold Steve Austin!

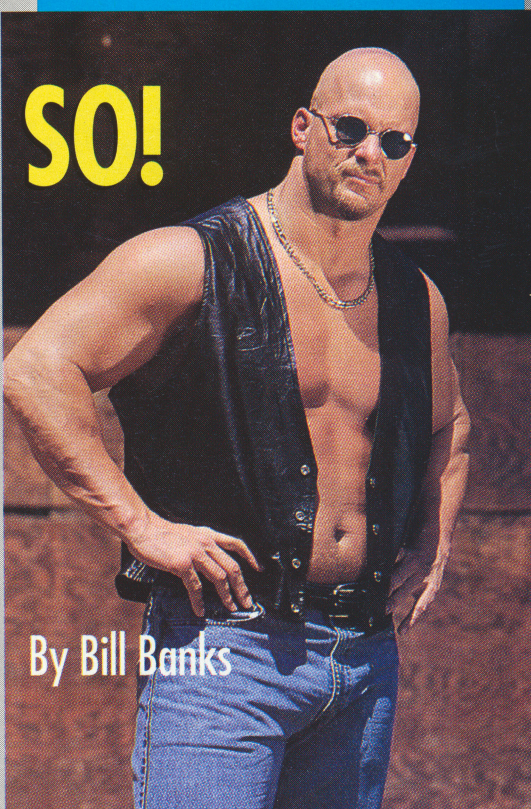
Watching him in the ring, people sitting in the stands might think it takes hours of practice for Steve Austin to be as callous and demeaning as he is. In reality, it doesn't take very much at all for someone to push Stone Cold's "buttons" in or out of the squared circle. Staring too long at him might bring you a slap to the face. A cold pizza delivery to his house? Run for the hills, buster, and don't expect a tip. His morning newspaper is a little wet? Say your prayers! This is what it's like to be Steve Austin... the lifestyle of being COLD and calculated. In an open interview, "No Holds Barred", as he likes it, Austin will tell you why he just recently adopted this way of living—if you ask politely.

"My lifestyle of being 'Stone Cold' is all about not giving a $#*@ about what anyone else thinks," the 1996 *King of the Ring* winner said. "It's a win-at-all-cost attitude, whether it's in the ring or in my private life. I really don't care about your feelings... I'll do WHATEVER it takes to get WHATEVER I want!"

The underlying factor of his tempermant is finally revealed—"what he wants". When you boil it down to the very ingredient of what makes



...BECAUSE HE SAYS SO!



By Bill Banks

Steve Austin "Stone Cold"—it's plain and simple greed, folks. Whether it's pinning his opponent for the 1-2-3 or getting the last copy of the most popular movie at the video store, Austin is going to mow you down for what he wants... and he's gonna get it.

What he got at the 1996 *King of the Ring* tournament was the right to call himself the "King" of the Federation. He destroyed Bob "Spark Plugg" Holly, Savio Vega, Wildman Marc Mero and Jake "The Snake" Roberts on his way to his coronation ceremony. That night, Stone Cold didn't accept any crown or cape after snapping Jake's ribs... he simply opened the first chapter of "Austin 3:16".

"The title of *King of the Ring* was all I needed that night," said Austin. "I don't need any stupid crowns, capes or trophies in my life. Those things are pieces of junk anyway... and I sure as heck don't need any garbage collecting around my house."

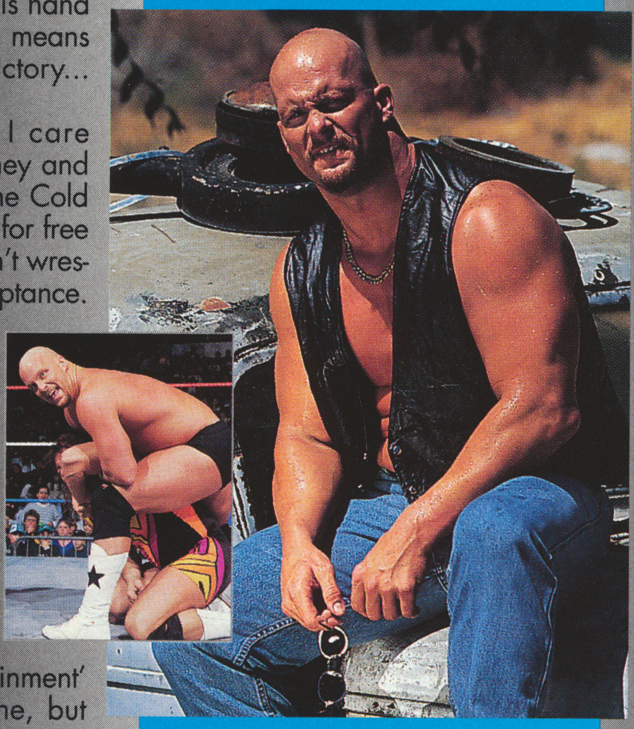
Even before he was announced as the "King" by Dok Hendrix that night, Steve Austin seemed to lack the open hatred that we now see in all his ring wars. While he was handled by his inadequate former manager Ted DiBiase, Austin rarely said a word to anyone. The only sound he made was when he ordered his dinner each night.

Where did the spark ignite the fire within him? Some say it was when Savio punched him in the groin... others say it was when Marc Mero busted his lip wide open... but in any case, somebody drove him over the edge, an edge he had been teetering on his whole life. You would have thought that the blood that poured out of his lip that night would have slowed him down and maybe enabled Jake Roberts an advantage in their tournament final match. Quite the opposite happened—Austin competed with the pain and he seemed to enjoy it!

"Whether I have to compromise my health or morals inside that ring, I'll do it," Stone Cold said. "If I feel like I'm getting my

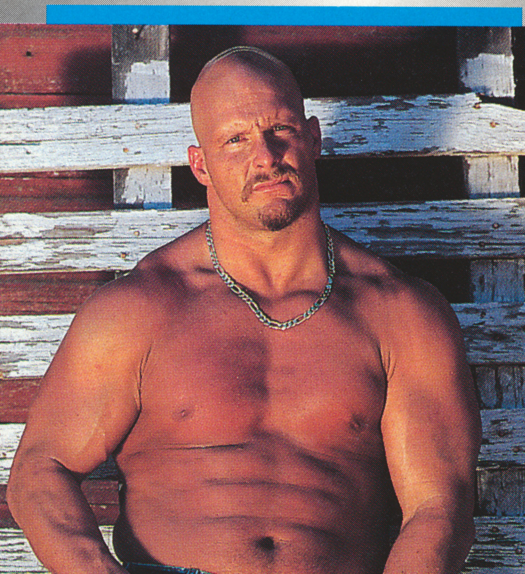
#@$ whooped by some ham and egger, I'll turn around and throw a cheap shot on the other guy! I feel the pain... but I work through it as a means to get to my end! I try to go in the ring to have a clean and scientific match, but at some point the other guy ticks me off... and that's when I have to stretch him out and hurt him."

A means to his end? This man makes himself sound like some ruthless dictator—taking over a country just to get what pleases him. Could that be the case with Steve Austin? Without a doubt! Stone Cold doesn't play to the fans' applause—he never has and he never will. Some wrestlers may run around the ring with valets and fireworks, prancing and dancing their way into the hearts of the fans looking on. Don't ever mention this idea to Austin—it will never fly with him. According to Stone Cold, on any given night, he will walk to the ring in his plain wrestling tights—no hats and glasses, no pyrotechnics and no posing—and leaves that same ring with his hand raised in victory. The means to HIS end is the victory... plain and simple.



"The only thing I care about is making money and amassing titles," Stone Cold said. "I don't wrestle for free and I sure as hell don't wrestle for anyone's acceptance. This sport has become a mockery. To me, wrestling is wrestling, and I dress and behave like a wrestler. You'll never see me doing any clowning around because when the bell rings, I'm all business. If that's 'entertainment' to some dirtballs, fine, but it's called wrestling to me."

To make Austin's blood boil over a tad more, he has YET to receive a shot at Shawn Michaels for the Federation Title as of press time. On a recent America Online interview, Federation head Gorilla Monsoon stated that Stone Cold does indeed have a shot in his future... but does he TRULY have a date set for the *King of the Ring* to get his shot at glory?



"Anyone who becomes the *King of the Ring* is always in line for a title shot," Monsoon said. "That is a very prestigious accomplishment sought by all the superstars in the Federation. There is no question in my mind that he will get a crack at gold in the very near future."

Near future? It sounds like Monsoon is putting Austin on the back burner for now... allowing bigger brutes like Vader and the British Bulldog to have their shots at the Heartbreak Kid first. But, what Gorilla fails to realize is that once Austin is placed on the "burner", he will only continue to do ONE thing... feed the fire inside him. We have yet to hear any griping out of Stone Cold, but could it be that he's holding it all inside, waiting to get Michaels in the ring so he can TRULY enjoy tearing him limb from limb?

"Shawn Michaels is a great champion and wrestler in his own right," Austin said. "Call him what you will, but I call him a beaten man if he steps into the ring with me. If Shawn wants to try and pull his high-flying stuff with me, fine. I'll figure him out, ground him, make him wrestle MY game, and kill him at it."

One can only imagine where a superstar with the potential that Stone Cold has will go in the World Wrestling Federation. At May's *In Your House*, Stone Cold opened a new door in his career after he was let free of Ted DiBiase. A fire grew within him at the 1996 *King of the Ring* tournament and now, who can truly tell what will be next for this mat technician. What Stone Cold WANTS is to keep having his hand raised in victory every night and if he has to hurt you permanently to do it, then so be it! The dawn of Steve Austin is fast approaching and no superstar is safe! Why? Because Stone Cold Steve Austin SAYS SO... SON!

PERSONALITY PROFILE

Favorite Band:

I listened to Slayer before I had to throw my stereo against the wall because a Michael Bolton music marathon came on.

Biggest Thrill In Life:

Waking up every morning and looking in the mirror at the same eyes that every other superstar in the World Wrestling Federation fears.

Person You Would Most Like To Meet:

Why would I want to meet anyone? Most of the famous people in this world are dying to meet me!

Favorite Sport (Besides Wrestling):

There's no other sport besides wrestling where you are allowed to leave a man's arm hanging by a single muscle.

Favorite Athlete:

Myself!

Favorite Television Show:

Monday Night RAW... because I'm on it.

Favorite Movie:

In Cold Blood... that movie should have won an Oscar.

If I Could Have Done It Differently, I Would Have...

Been born without a heart.

Favorite Cartoon Character:

Shawn Michaels

Favorite Actor:

Yul Brynner... even though he tried to steal my look!

Favorite Actress:

I don't have any favorite actresses... chicks can't act worth a spit!

Favorite Food:

Anything raw and bloody... and hard to chew.

Favorite Fast Food:

I don't eat fast... Stone Cold eats slow and methodical.

Best Advice Ever Received:

When I told myself to stop being a candy-#$@ and start kicking people's butts.

Secret Talent:

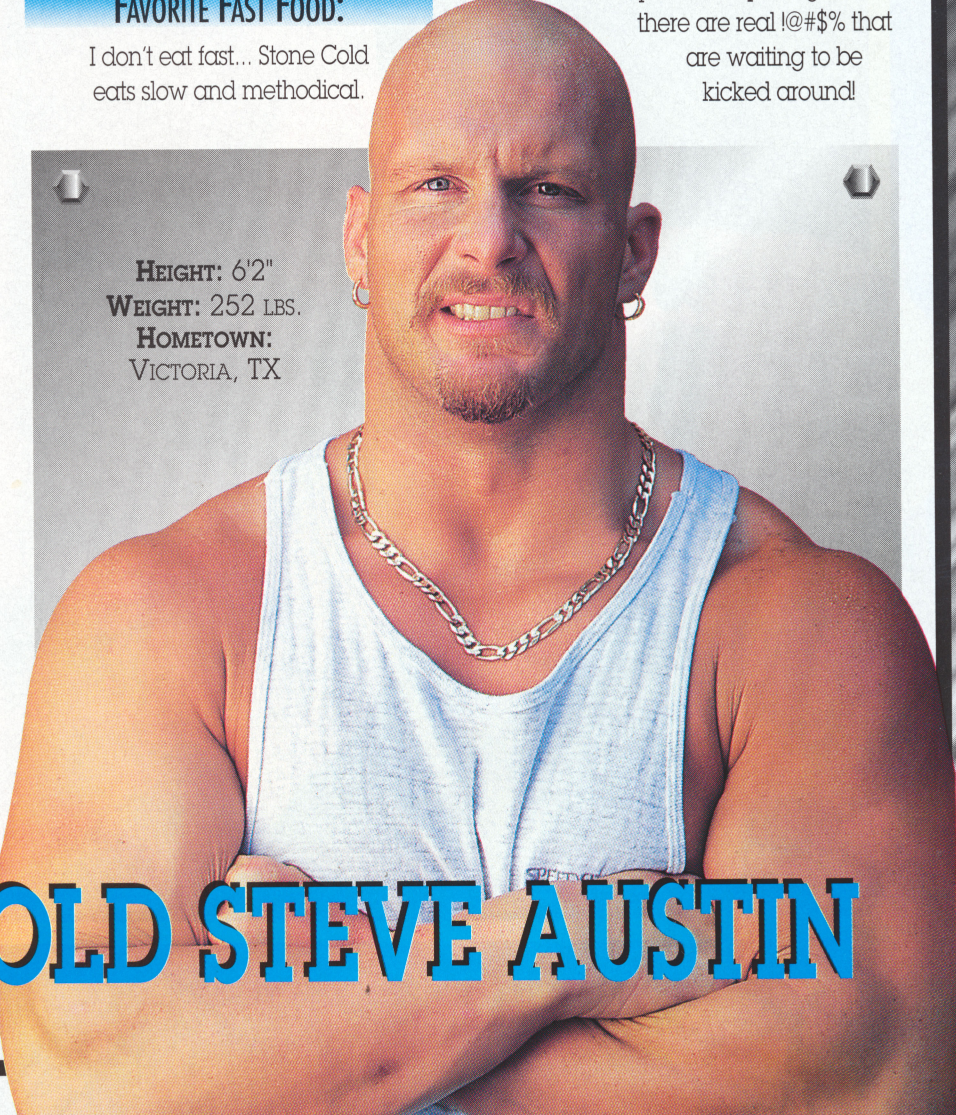
I can plant a man's head where the sun doesn't shine! How's that for talent, SON?

Hobbies:

Driving around in my car while laughing at the homeless people and the 9-5 working-class bums.

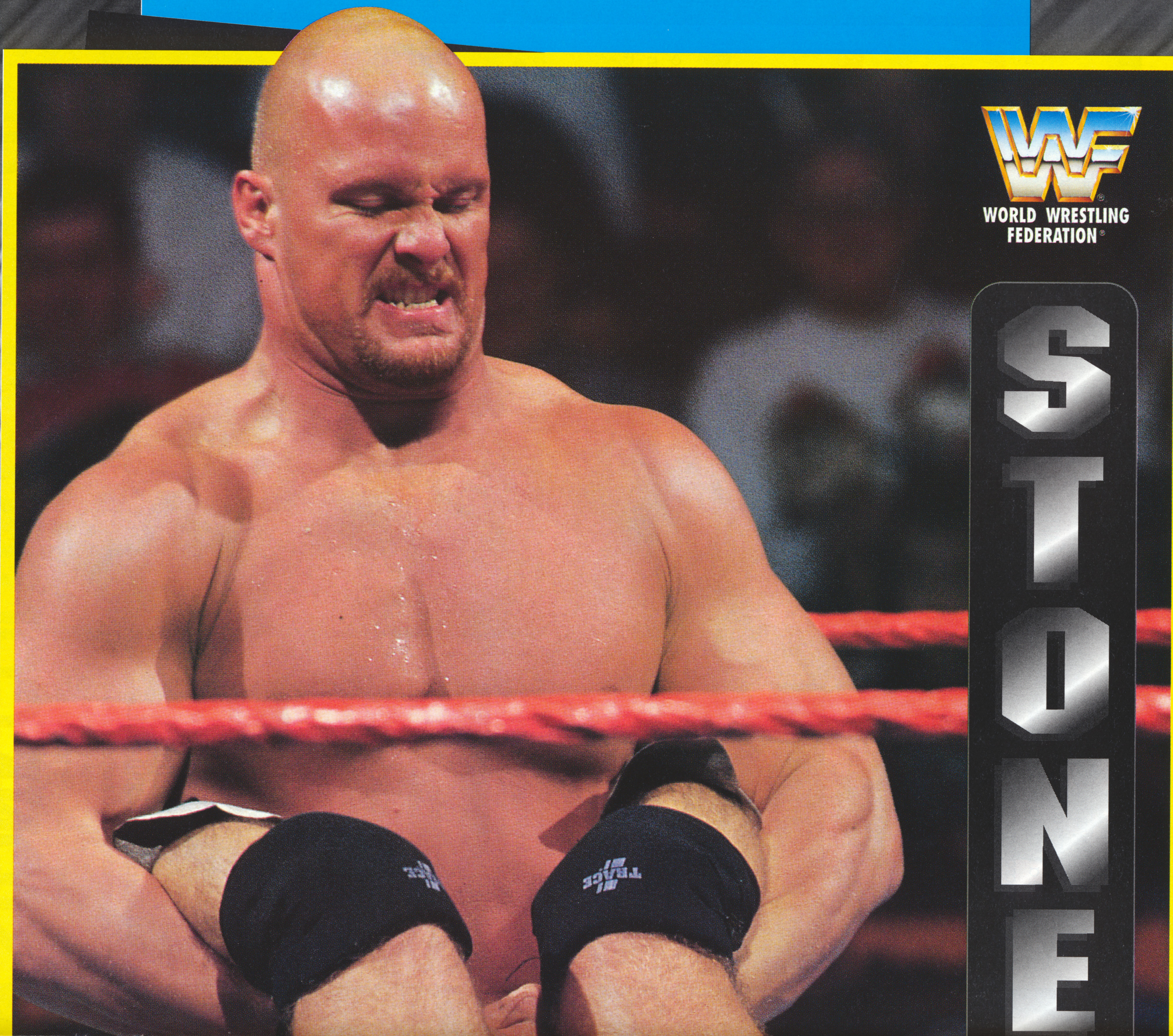
Favorite Video Game:

I don't have time to play with no stupid Donkey Kong when there are real !@#$% that are waiting to be kicked around!



Height: 6'2"
Weight: 252 lbs.
Hometown: Victoria, TX

STONE COLD STEVE AUSTIN


WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION®
STONE

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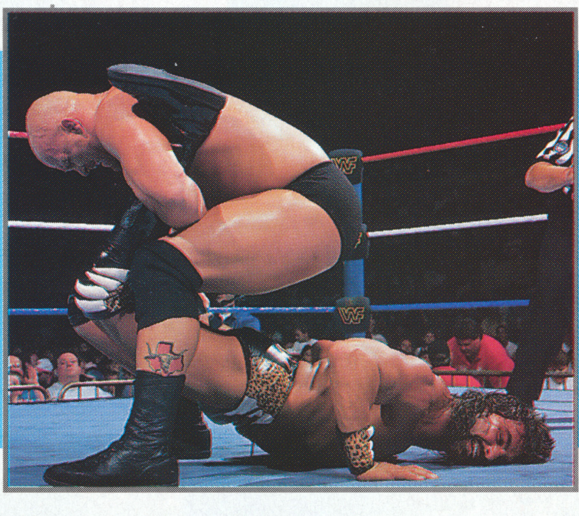
CAREER HIGHLIGHTS

For the first few months of his World Wrestling Federation career, Stone Cold Steve Austin was involved in a bitter feud with the man known as the "Caribbean Legend", Savio Vega. At May's *In Your House*, Stone Cold met Vega in a "Caribbean Strap Match", a showdown that Stone Cold felt confident he could win! But in the end, Austin lost the match due to the lackluster managerial skills of Ted DiBiase, who was forced to leave the Federation because of his then-protege's loss.

Later realizing that DiBiase was only holding him back, Stone Cold decided to bust out of the mold his former manager kept him in. Setting his sights on the 1996 *King of the Ring* Title, Stone Cold buried everyone who faced him, including Bob "Spark Plugg" Holly, Vega and the Wildman Marc Mero. After four rounds of brutal matches, Austin captured the title of "King" with a victory over Jake "The Snake" Roberts in the final match! During the coronation in which he refused to wear the cape and crown, AUSTIN 3:16 was born!



At July's *In Your House*, the newly crowned King of the World Wrestling Federation showed the world that his victory over Wildman Marc Mero at the *King of the Ring* tournament was no fluke—pinning the Wildman with his vicious Stone Cold Stunner! There was no busted lip for Austin that night, just the brutal reminder that Stone Cold Steve Austin was a man not to be taken lightly... and that's the way it is because Stone Cold SAID SO!

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SUMMERSLAM® '96

RESULTS

By Keith Elliot Greenberg

SAVIO VEGA VS. OWEN HART

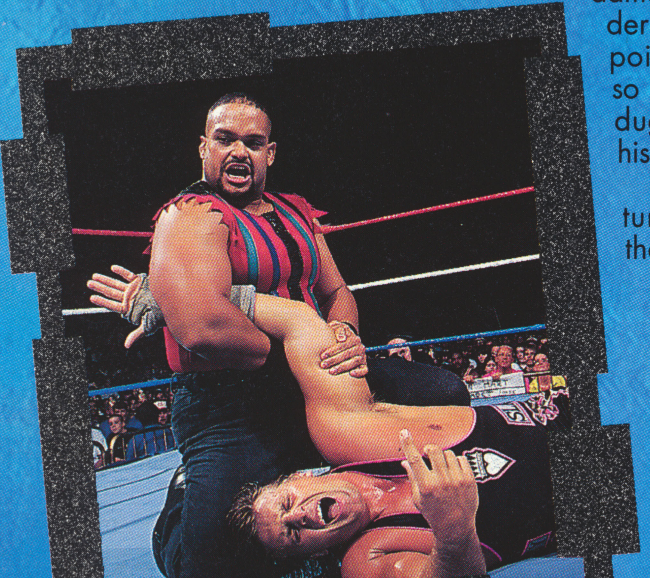
For months, Owen Hart had been wrestling—and performing high-risk maneuvers—in an arm cast, prompting ring watchers to wonder whether the protective device was simply a weapon to give the self-proclaimed "King of Harts" an extra boost. In the opening contest of *SummerSlam*, the cunning Hart all but proved his critics correct.

Even before the match started, Owen Hart was trying to circumvent the rules, raising the cast and lunging at Vega. Fortunately for the popular Puerto Rican, the referee stepped in and warned Hart to behave himself.

Once the bell rang, Savio went after the limb in question, banging it against the turnbuckle, twisting it in an armbar and lifting Hart by the wrist and driving him down to the mat.

But when Savio tried rolling Owen off the corner of the ring into a cradle, Hart kicked his foe away—right into the post, where Vega injured his shoulder. Yanking on his adversary's arm and tying it in the ropes, Owen tried damaging the shoulder further. At one point, Savio grew so flustered that he dug his teeth into his opponent's leg.

Both men took turns dominating the action. Owen tried slinging his rival off the ropes and delivering a dropkick, but Vega held onto the strands and Hart crashed into the mat. Savio then attempted a spinning heel kick, but Owen bobbed out of the way. Hart went for the same move and Vega evaded it, then he propelled himself off the



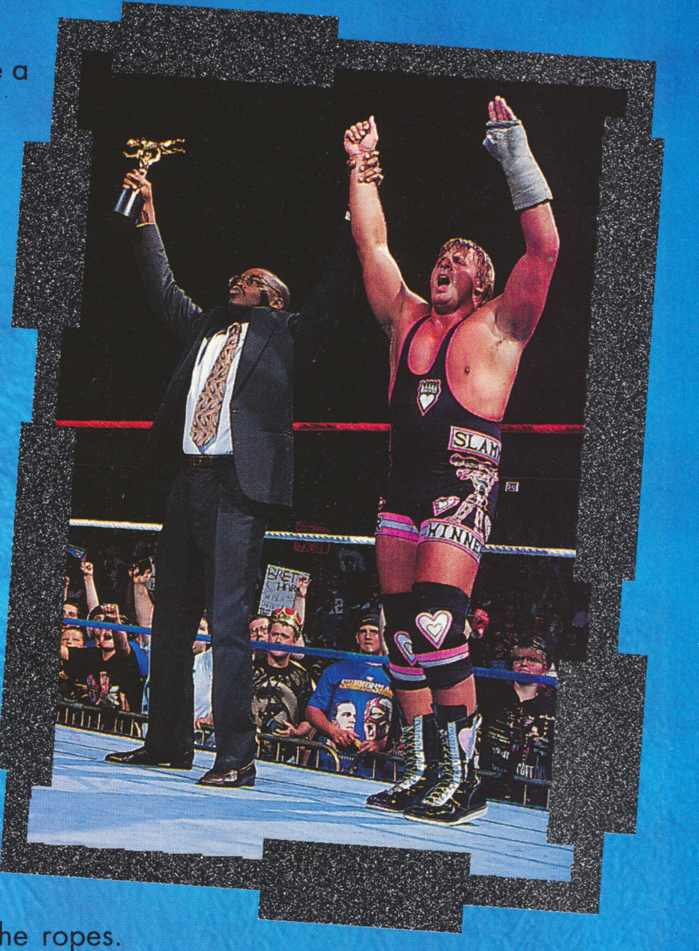
SAVIO VEGA

"Going in I knew I had to keep my eye on that !@#$! cast. The second I took my eye off it... I paid the price. Owen Hart, there will be another day, but as for you, Justin "Hawk" Bradshaw... your time is NOW!"

ropes and gained a near-fall with a bodypress. As Clarence Mason—an attorney associated with Owen's manager, Jim Cornette—stood in the aisle and watched, Vega snatched Owen's leg and was zapped in the skull by a defensive crescent kick.

Vega stayed in the fight, chopping Hart with knife-edges in the corner, whipping him to the opposite turnbuckle and rushing forward with a clothesline attempt. But Hart extended his leg at his charging adversary, booting him in the mouth. Owen covered his foe for the pin, placing his foot on the ropes for leverage, but Vega managed to kick out at the count of two. As Hart accused the referee of delivering a slow count, Vega cradled his foe from the rear. Owen kicked out at two, stepped back a few paces and flew at Vega with a spinning heel kick.

As before, Vega recovered quickly. Owen whipped him into the corner and charged. And Vega responded with a thrust kick, followed by a reverse atomic drop and two clotheslines. He tried pinning Owen after a legdrop, but neglected to hook the leg, and Hart effortlessly raised his shoulder. Next came a sidewalk slam, but Owen managed to kick out again. Savio now bounced Hart off the ropes and bent forward to execute a back bodydrop. A second or so before impact, Hart put on the brakes, gripped Vega in a front facelock, spun around and delivered a swinging neckbreaker. Just to be sure his opponent was finished, Hart came off the top rope with a dropkick and then covered Vega. Remarkably, the gutsy South Bronx native squirmed out of the pin attempt.



Turning away from his opponent, Owen went to the corner and began climbing the ropes. Savio snuck up behind him and snapped a kick at Owen's back, forcing him to fall onto the top turnbuckle. As Hart agonized, Vega ascended to the second rope, grabbed his opponent and suplexed him to the mat. On the way down, however, Owen's arm cast collided with the back of Savio Vega's head.

Hart revived himself first but played possum, while a groggy Vega rose from the canvas and lumbered toward his opponent. Then, in a flash, Owen slipped off his cast and cracked it against Savio's head. With Vega unconscious on the mat, Hart trapped his adversary in the Sharpshooter. Noting that Vega was in no condition to submit, the referee called the contest and raised Owen's arm, as Mason stepped into the ring and embraced the victor—raising speculation over whether the attorney was attempting to steal Cornette's protege.

Vega's problems persisted after the bell. While he was being assisted back to the locker room, Justin "Hawk" Bradshaw suddenly materialized with his manager Uncle Zebekiah and delivered a cheap shot to the Latin sensation in the aisle.

OWEN HART

"Unfortunately, Savio accidentally hit his head on my cast. After he knocked himself out, the rest was easy."

FOUR TEAM ELIMINATION TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH:

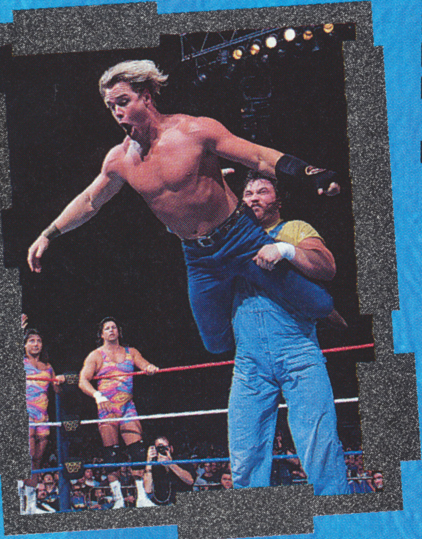
SMOKING GUNNS

(WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS)

VS. GODWINNS VS. BODY DONNAS VS. NEW ROCKERS

The Smoking Gunns were, in essence, defending their belts against three contenders in this unique contest. The rules allowed combatants to tag out to any corner, and specified that the last team remaining would be declared the champions.

Naturally, the Gunns' manager Sunny was pivotal in this match, as she had managed two of the challenging teams—the Body Donnas and the Godwinns—when they held the straps.



Billy Gunn started against Henry O. Godwinn—aka HOG—trying to knock him down with a shoulderblock and running into a human version of a brick wall instead. Billy then was victimized by a hard hiptoss and two right hands. As Billy was lying face down on the mat, HOG gripped the champion's legs, swung him off the canvas and drove his face into the ground. Billy staggered to his feet, wobbled over to the Body Donnas' corner and tagged Zip.

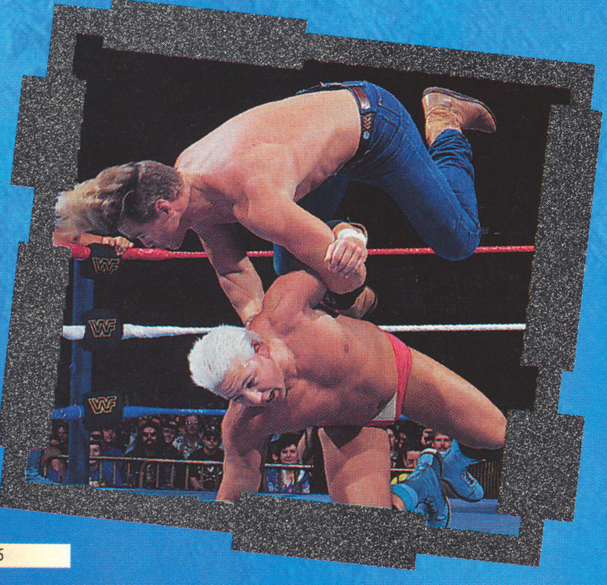
HOG in turn tagged his brother Phineas I. Godwinn—or PIG. The combatants eyed each other and began running the ropes. But—unexpectedly—they simultaneously motored to the Gunns' corner and tagged in the brothers, then strutted across the ring, snickering.

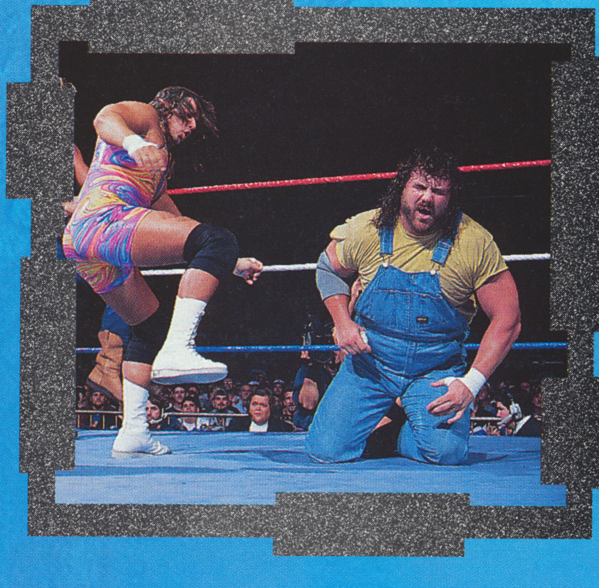
The Gunns protested. Billy told the referee that he couldn't wrestle his brother Bart. If one of them was pinned, would the championship be retained or lost? As the referee urged the pair to mix it up, Bart went to the Body Donnas' corner, grabbed Zip's hand and tagged it.

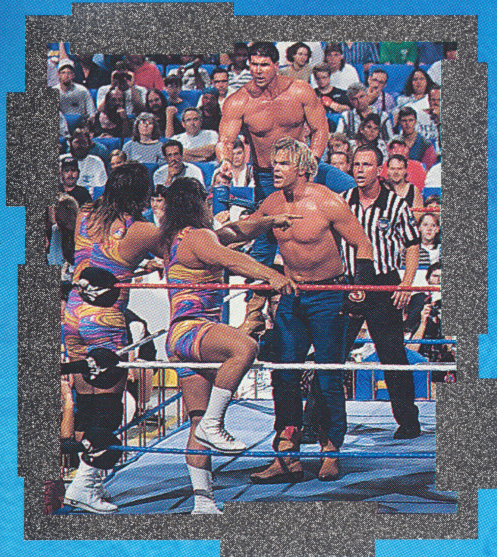
After a series of armdrags and a clothesline, Zip bounced off the ropes, hoping to leap onto a flat-

HILLBILLY JIM

"I'm beggin' those boys to just ONCE beat us clean in the middle of the ring. You know why they don't? Cause they ain't capable of doin' it, THAT'S WHY! If you fellas call yourself real cowboys, then next time leave the girl home and 'rassle' us like men!"







tened Billy. But New Rocker Marty Jannetty reached under the bottom rope and tripped Zip, allowing Billy to deliver a fistdrop and score the first elimination.

For some reason, the New Rockers seemed to be in collusion with the Gunns. HOG stepped into the ring against Billy and got a knee in the back from Marty's partner, Leif Cassidy. Cassidy then tagged in, cut down Henry with a clothesline and pounded him with a flurry of fists. Jannetty tagged in and got whipped into the buckle, but kicked HOG in the face with both feet when he surged toward the corner. Leif entered the ring, and held Henry in place for Billy Gunn, who headbutted the Godwinn. But just when the Gunns were getting comfortable, Leif clotheslined Billy from the apron and then insisted that it was an accident.

Billy didn't get a chance to straighten out the story. Henry belted him from behind, slung him off the ropes and executed a sidewalk slam. As Godwinn covered his foe, the New Rockers darted in, trying to break up the pinfall with a dual elbowdrop. But HOG slipped out of the way and Billy took the blow.

The New Rockers and the Gunns now stood in the ring, arguing nose to nose. The Godwinns first watched, then swooped in and bumped their opponents' heads together. When the smoke cleared, HOG was alone in the ring with Cassidy, Irish whipping him off the ropes. Leif ducked a clothesline, went around Godwinn and pushed him into the corner, where Jannetty slugged HOG before Cassidy attempted a pin.

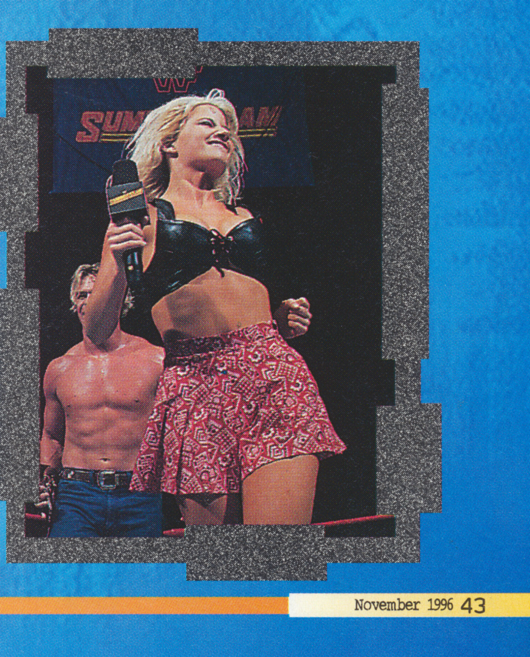
Godwinn kicked out, launching Leif back toward his corner, where he bumped into his partner and inadvertently knocked him into the ring. Before Jannetty could evaluate the situation, he was caught in HOG's Slopdrop and eliminated.

It was now just the Gunns and the Godwinns. Bart and HOG went back and forth, until Henry leveled his adversary with a clothesline. But the Gunns got the edge through frequent tagging, wearing down HOG. Perhaps feeling overconfident, Billy tried a running bodypress in the corner, where he was snatched in mid-air by Henry and powerslammed.

For the last several minutes, Phineas had been watching the proceedings in frustration from the corner. When his brother finally reached him and made the tag, PIG unloaded on his opponents. HOG joined the onslaught. He charged at Bart and clotheslined him over the top rope, toppling to the arena floor in the process. As Hillbilly Jim chased Sunny with the slop bucket, Phineas delivered the Slopdrop to Billy.

But the referee didn't see the move. He was distracted by the activity outside the ring. Behind the official's back, Bart returned to the ring, flying off the top rope with a double ax-handle onto PIG, as he covered Billy. Draping his barely conscious brother over Phineas, Bart rolled out of the ring, watching from a distance, as the ref registered the pinfall.

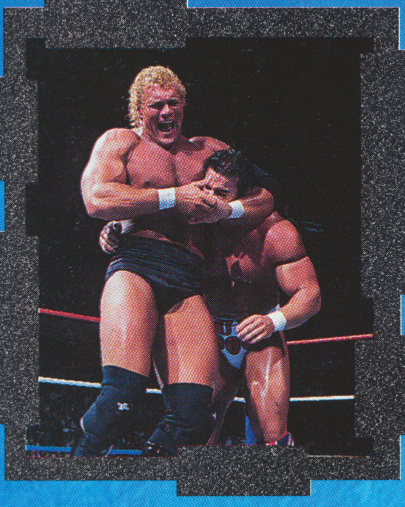
In the post-match celebration, Sunny taunted the crowd, claiming none of them measured up to her beauty standards. Then, in an attempt to embarrass every woman in attendance Sunny unfurled a larger-than-life poster of herself from the rafters.



SUNNY

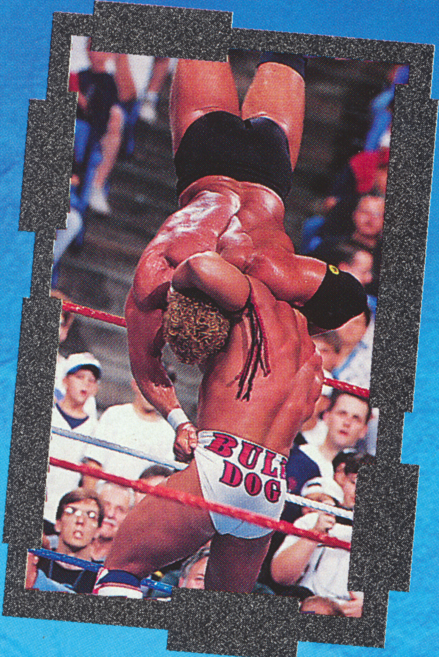
"Once again, my Gunns proved that they are fully capable of defending the Federation Tag Team Title without my help. They beat three teams tonight and could have easily beaten four or five. Tell Hillbilly Jim to go shovel his manure some place else!"

SYCHO SID vs. THE BRITISH BULLDOG



SYCHO SID

"The Man is back, and tonight was just the beginning!"



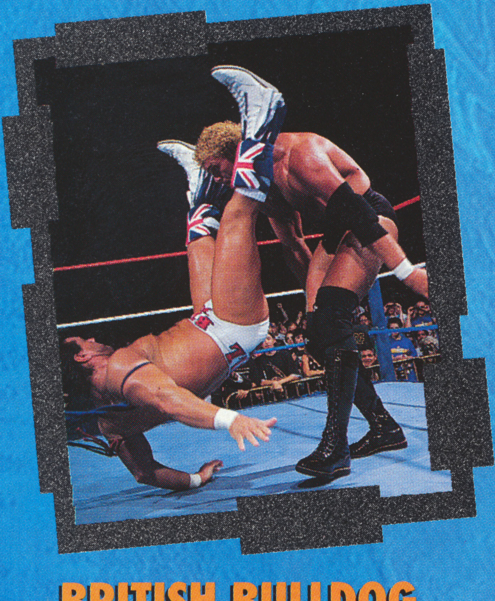
The six-foot, nine-inch, 313-pound Sid entered to a resounding cheer and channeled the ovation into his arsenal. Bulldog tried coming off the ropes with a shoulderblock, but Sid wouldn't budge. Bulldog attempted the same maneuver and got an identical response. When the Englishman bounced off the strands another time, Sid felled him with a titanic clothesline.

Bulldog left the ring to collect his thoughts, then stepped back in—and was immediately trapped in a side headlock. Bulldog tried breaking the hold by lifting his larger foe, but Sid shifted his weight and the Britisher let go. Still clutching onto his opponent, Sid rolled onto the mat, where the Bulldog caught him in a headscissors. Sid escaped and got a nearfall after a powerslam. Bulldog weathered the blow and surprised Sid with a perfectly executed vertical suplex.

As in the opening match, Clarence Mason found his way to ringside, this time to cheer another of Cornette's proteges, the Bulldog, who—perhaps encouraged by his booster—clotheslined Sid over the ropes. When Sid clambered back onto the apron, Bulldog clotheslined him to ringside again. Once more, Sid scrambled to the apron. This time, Bulldog lifted him high, held him upside down and slingshotted his midsection off the cables.

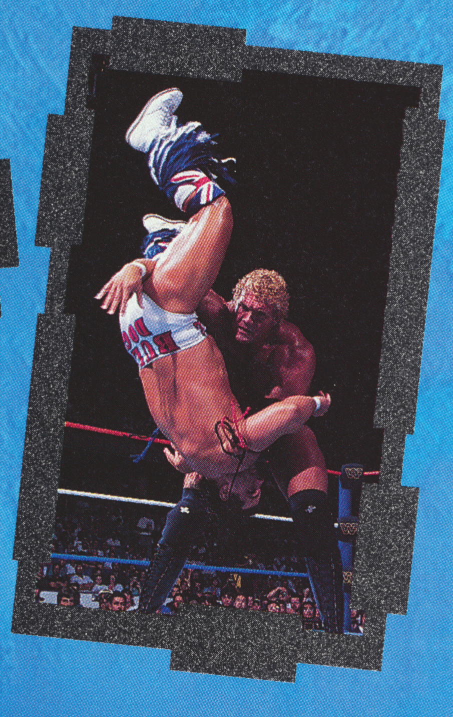
Incredibly, Sid leaped off the mat, delivering knife-edges to the Bulldog's neck, then avalanching him in the corner. But when he tried the tactic a second time, Bulldog moved out of the way, and Sid crashed into the buckles. Draping Sid over his shoulder, Bulldog ran across the ring and executed his notorious powerslam. But rather than pin Sid, he looked over at ringside, where Jim Cornette was berating Mason for apparently craving the men in Camp Cornette.

Bulldog lifted Sid for another powerslam, but the intended victim slipped out of his opponent's grasp, gripped him by the neck and delivered a quaking chokeslam. As both Cornette and Mason looked on helplessly, Sid executed his celebrated Powerbomb and won the match.



BRITISH BULLDOG

"You call that a Powerbomb? I call that grabbing a handful of trunks!"



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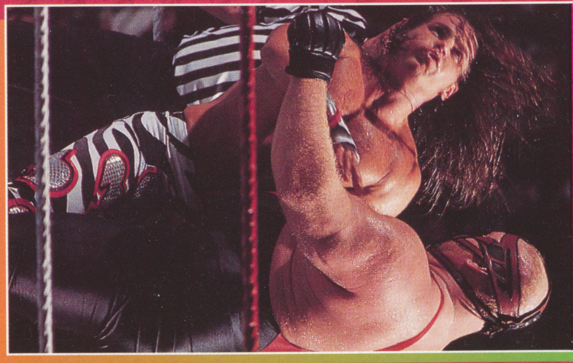
VADER

1996

A BOMB FALLS ON THE HEARTBREAK KID

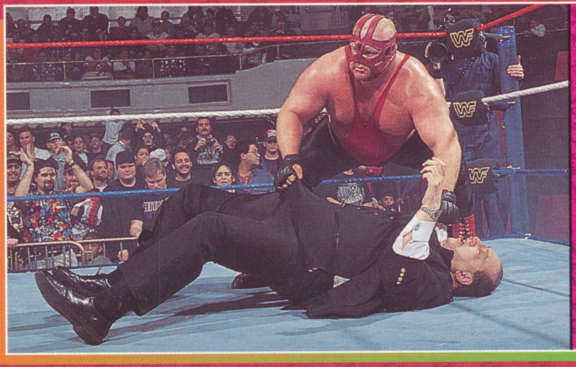
1996



WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

VADER VETOES THE PRESIDENT!

1996



WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

IT'S VADER TIME!

1996

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

58

IT'S VADER TIME!

At the 1996 *Royal Rumble*, the man they call Vader officially "rumbled" his way into the World Wrestling Federation! The clock struck "Vader Time" for many of the Federation superstars in the ring that night... until the man from the Rocky Mountains went toe-to-toe with Yokozuna! Shortly after a slugfest between the two monsters erupted, they were both thrown out unsuspectedly by the eventual winner, Shawn Michaels.

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VADER VETOES THE PRESIDENT!

On *Monday Night RAW* the day following the Rumble, Gorilla Monsoon, fed up with the uncontrolled brutality of the Monster from the Rockies, suspended Vader for two months after Vader man-handled a referee. Unfortunately for Monsoon, he would pay a HEAVY price for his decision! The 450-plus-pound Vader snapped and attacked Gorilla, injuring the legend for over a month with a vicious Vader Bomb!

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A BOMB FALLS ON THE HEARTBREAK KID

The July 1996 *In Your House* saw the trio of Shawn Michaels, Sycho Sid and Ahmed Johnson take on Camp Cornette in a fight in the Great White North! Six of the most powerful superstars in the Federation squared off to settle the score... but things soon got out of hand in the match! With Jim Cornette's help, Vader was able to pin Shawn Michaels after a Vader Bomb—proving to Federation officials he was more than worthy of a title shot!

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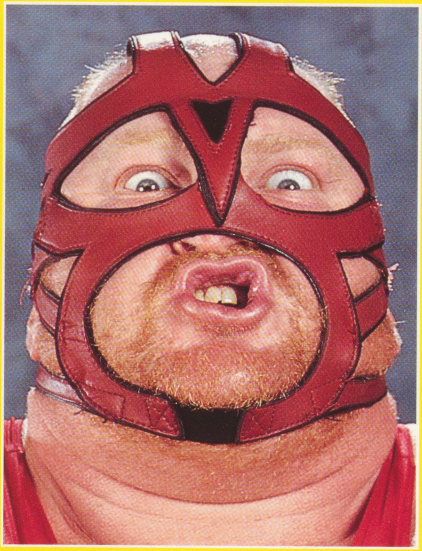
VADER



1996

Vader—Riding a Rocky Mountain High!

Height:

6' 5"

Weight:

458 pounds

From:

Rocky Mountains

Titles held:

None

MOTTO:

It's Vader Time!

FINISHING MOVE:

"Vader Bomb"

NICKNAME:

The Mastodon

PPV DEBUT:

1996 *Royal Rumble*

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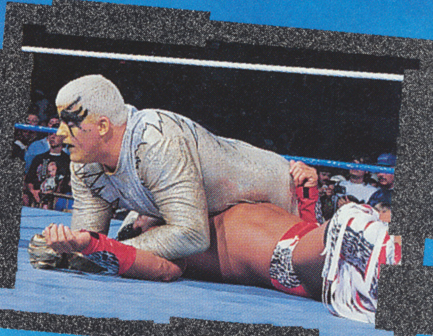
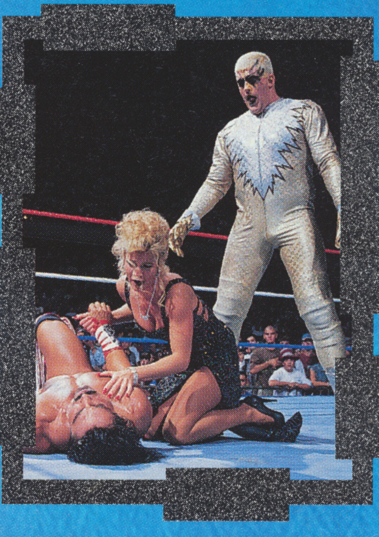
WILDMAN MARC MERO VS. GOLDUST

GOLDUST

"All this time I've been looking for somebody to love me, and now I love somebody, and it's so easy."

Rebel Without A Cause—1955





The foremost advocate of the "mind assault", Goldust tried throwing off Mero's game plan by slapping him across the face after the opening bell. Mero was angered but kept his head, hurting Goldust with two consecutive armdrags and sending him to the mat again with a bodypress. However, when Mero charged at Goldust as he stood against the ropes, the Flamboyant One ducked and backdropped Mero onto the arena floor.

His body throbbing, Mero tried climbing back into the ring. Goldust immediately attacked him, pummeling him with fists and turning him toward the audience, with arms tangled around the ropes. Going to the opposite side of the ring, Goldust raced forward, elbowing Mero in the back. Mero's body plummeted onto the guardrail. And Goldust followed him out of the ring, lifting the Wildman and dropping his neck across the top of the railing.

In the middle of the match, Mankind marched out and stalked Mero's valet Sable, calling her "Mommy". As she screamed in terror, Mankind vanished as quickly as he had arrived.

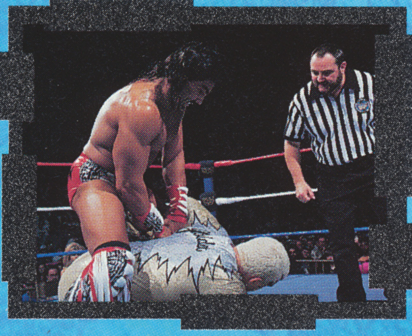
Back in the ring, Goldust whipped Mero toward the corner, but the Wildman hopped to the second rope, flew backwards and hit Goldust with an elbow. Mero jabbed at his foe, then floored him with a flying forearm. After a back bodydrop and kneelift, Mero caught Goldust in a corner, climbing the ropes and punching down on him. Goldust reached down and lifted his opponent, dumping him over the ropes. Somehow, Mero held onto his rival on the way to the floor causing Goldust the worst of the fall.

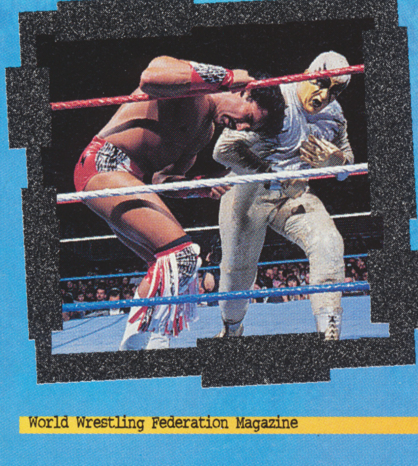
With Goldust still on the arena floor, Mero ran across the ring, flipped over the top rope and careened onto his foe. Rolling Goldust under the bottom rope, Mero perched himself on the apron, vaulted over the strands and hit his adversary with a legdrop. Sensing victory, Mero went to the top rope and delivered the "Wild Thing"—a breathtaking somersault into a bodypress.

Goldust was wrapped up for the pin, but the referee was distracted by Marlena, who was questioning his officiating. By the time the arbiter noticed the combatants, Goldust kicked out.

Showing his toughness, Goldust turned the tide, reversing a whip to the buckles, kicking the Wildman in the spine and applying the "Curtain Call"—bending Mero backwards from the rear, lifting him over the shoulder and driving him forward, into the mat, for the three-count.

With the contest over, Goldust decided to turn his attention to Sable. The valet screamed for Goldust to leave her alone, but the Flamboyant One pulled the woman toward him and—with Marlena's approval—attempted to kiss her. This violation apparently revived Mero, who laced into Goldust, picking up and releasing him, spread-eagle, over the ropes and dropkicking him to the arena floor.





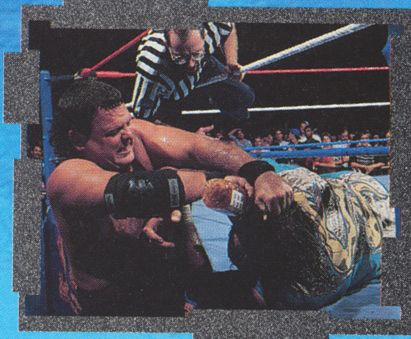
WILDMAN MARC MERO

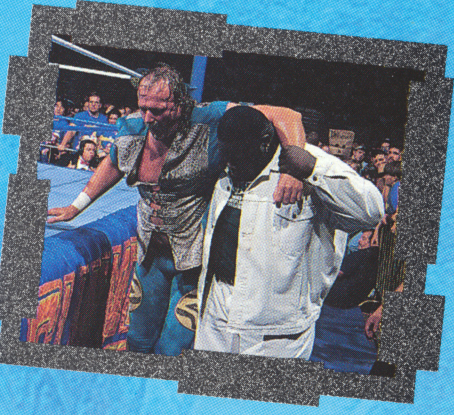
"Maybe Goldust can understand this—this movie may be over but in the sequel he will not escape the jungle ALIVE!!!"

JAKE "THE SNAKE" ROBERTS VS. JERRY "THE KING" LAWLER

JERRY "THE KING" LAWLER

"What more can I say? Once a drunk... always a drunk. I knew that Jake Roberts wouldn't be able to get through the entire match without having a drink!"





Jerry "The King" Lawler was in a provocative mood. He came to the ring in a Baltimore Ravens jersey—a slap in the face to Cleveland football fans who recently lost their team to Baltimore. Referring to Roberts' onetime substance abuse problem, Lawler held up two bottles of liquor and labeled them Jake's "tag team partners". After heaping scorn on Olympian Mark Henry—the strongest man in the world—at ringside, Lawler dared Roberts to leave the locker room.

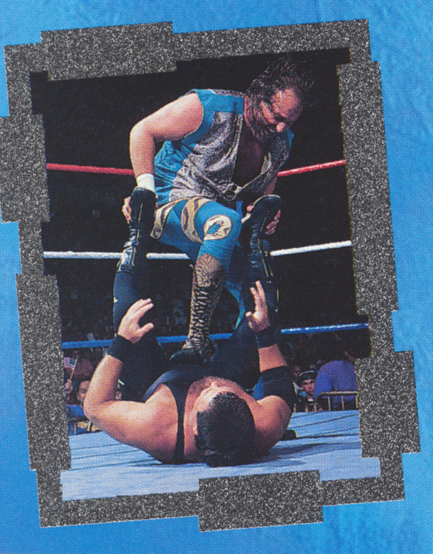
Jake was happy to oblige. As special referee Harvey Wippleman stood between the competitors, Lawler displayed a bag resembling Roberts' snake carrier and pulled out a huge bottle of alcohol. Wippleman tried grappling it away from the so-called "King", while Roberts removed his own secret weapon—his albino python Revelation—and shoved it onto Lawler's body.

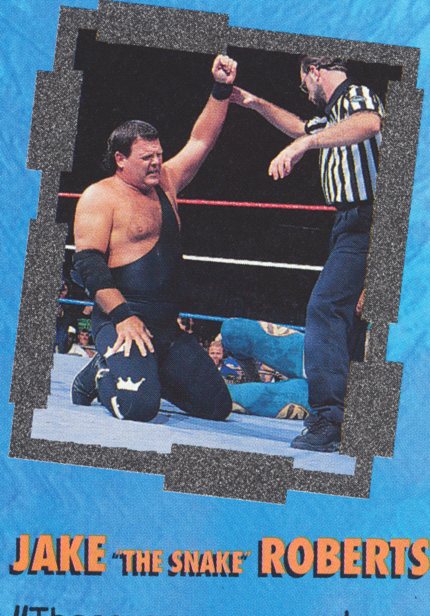
Lawler bailed out of the ring, but Jake came up behind him, battering him with fists and slamming his head into the ring steps. In the ring, Roberts delivered a snapmare and stomped Lawler's lower abdomen. Back on the arena floor, Jake bodyslammed his opponent and shoved him into the ringpost. Feeling desperate, Lawler snatched a fan's soda and splashed it in his opponent's face.

Tying up Roberts in the ropes inside the ring, Lawler lifted a bottle of liquor and prepared to pour it down his opponent's throat. Jake untangled himself and tried stunning Lawler with the DDT. But Lawler weaved out of the way and backflipped his opponent. Jake got right back on his feet and hit his foe with a short-arm clothesline. He tried a DDT again, but Lawler prevented its execution by holding onto Wippleman.

A perturbed Roberts exchanged words with the referee, buying Lawler time to get the liquor bottle and ram it into the Snake's throat. Holding onto his opponent's tights, Lawler got an unexpected pin.

Adding insult to injury, Lawler bent Roberts over the ring apron and poured the contents of the liquor bottle into his mouth. From ringside, Mark Henry seethed, watching Lawler humiliate the recovering alcoholic. As the indignity persisted, Henry leaped from his seat, pulled the bottle from Lawler's hands and chased him back to the locker room, before assisting Roberts.





JAKE "THE SNAKE" ROBERTS

"There are no words... but I guarantee you there will be actions."

BOILER ROOM BRAWL:

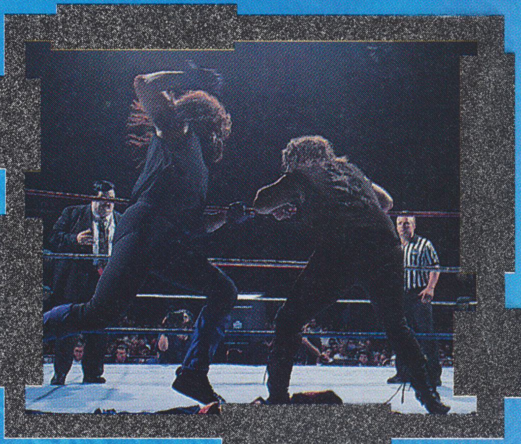
THE UNDERTAKER VS. MANKIND

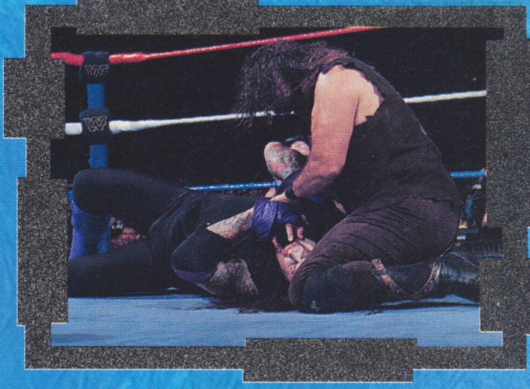
After being continually bested by Mankind's treachery, the Undertaker decided that the only way to prove his superiority over his strange opponent was beating him in his own territory. Thus, this match took place in Mankind's peculiar haven—the boiler room.

The first person to make it out of the boiler room and into the ring would get possession of the source of the Undertaker's power, his urn—being held for safekeeping by the Grim Reaper's manager Paul Bearer.

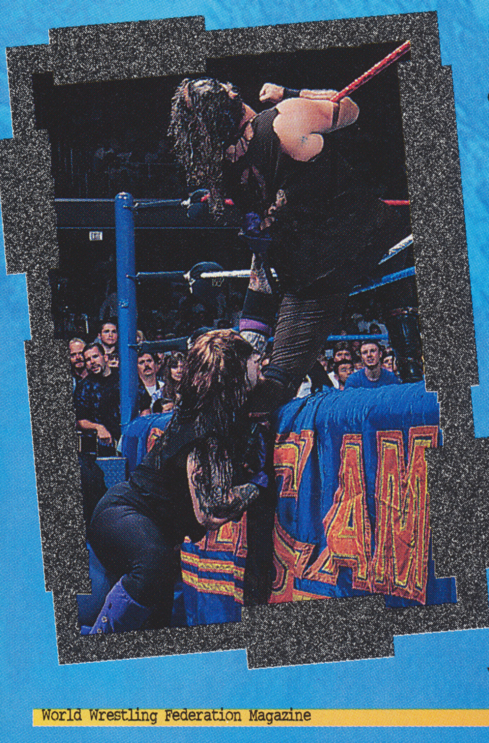
Undertaker entered the dark chamber, but couldn't initially find his foe in the blackness. Suddenly from around a bend, Mankind emerged, blasting Undertaker across the back of the head with a pipe, waiting for him to rise to his feet and then ramming his face with a two-by-four. As Mankind straddled his opponent, Undertaker reached for a garbage can lid and clanged it against his enemy's temple.

Mankind tried hitting Undertaker with a pipe again, but the Man from the Dark Side gained possession of the article, banged it against his opponent, and slammed him into a locker. Noticing a sawhorse, Mankind gripped the Undertaker around the back of his head and drove his chin into the object. Then, the grotesque gladiator smashed the Undertaker's head against a boiler. After shoving the Grim Reaper into a steel door, Mankind lowered a garbage can onto the Undertaker numerous times.





Peering through the darkness, Undertaker found a metal rod and used it as a sword to fight off Mankind when he advanced again with the garbage can. Mankind fell onto the ground, and Undertaker tried bringing the rod down on him. Slipping out of the way, Mankind opened a valve and blew steam in his opponent's face. Mankind tried smashing his foe with another garbage can, but Undertaker clotheslined it—smack into his adversary.



As Mankind lay on the ground, Undertaker beat him with a stick. Mankind got hold of a pipe and shoved it between his rival's legs, then slung him into a metal garage door. After clubbing the Undertaker with a knee to the face, Mankind climbed up a ladder and elbowdropped his opponent on the floor.

Undertaker appeared finished. Mankind lowered a two-by-four across his back, then dragged him across the floor and tugged at his hair. Propping a ladder against a wall, Mankind ascended the steps. But Undertaker resurrected himself, pulling the ladder and catapulting Mankind to the ground.

Still, this was Mankind's "special place", and he found a way to quickly take the lead, slashing Undertaker's legs with a chain. Mankind stumbled toward the exit door, but Undertaker pulled him back and harmed him with a thrust to the neck. Stepping over Mankind, Undertaker reached for the door—leading to the locker room and the arena. However, he made the mistake of taking his eyes off Mankind, who pushed his foe's head into the steel entranceway.

Shooting a hoseful of steam at his rival, the Undertaker managed to get the door open. But Mankind pulled him back into the room, stepped outside and repeatedly smashed the door into the pursuing Undertaker. The Man from the Dark Side grabbed at his opponent's throat, but Mankind succeeded in shutting the door on his foe, making it into the locker room and barricading the entrance with a variety of objects.

Undertaker plowed through the fortifications, grabbed Mankind by the neck and flung him backwards across the locker room. Mankind responded by whacking his adversary in the head with a service cart and then scalding him with a cauldron of hot coffee.

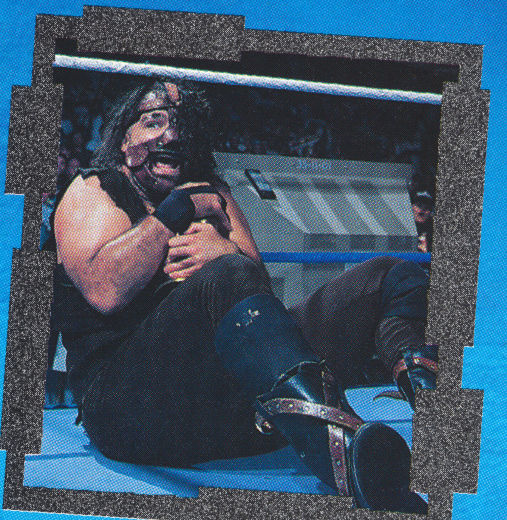
On his hands and knees, Mankind dragged himself into the arena. But Undertaker followed and clotheslined him in the aisle. After cracking a block of wood across his opponent's back, Undertaker followed his foe to ringside, knocking him into a big screen television exhibited there.

Glancing at Paul Bearer holding the urn in the ring, Undertaker reached up, held onto the top rope and then ascended to the apron. But Mankind pulled his foe back by the hair and slammed his head into the ring steps. Ripping away the mat to expose the arena floor, Mankind executed a piledriver variation and took to the apron. From ringside, the Undertaker gripped his opponent's ankle, slugged him and then joined him on the apron to continue the punchout.

Undertaker punched Mankind to his knees on the apron and leveled a kick to the ribs. As Mankind clung to the top rope, Undertaker shoved the strand back, forcing his foe to the floor. Paul Bearer stood before the Undertaker, grasping the urn, while below him lay Mankind, face down on the ground. Undertaker slung one leg over the top rope and then the other. The Man from the Dark Side had made it to the squared circle.

MANKIND

No, Paul Bearer is not my new manager... HE'S MY SOUL MATE!!!"

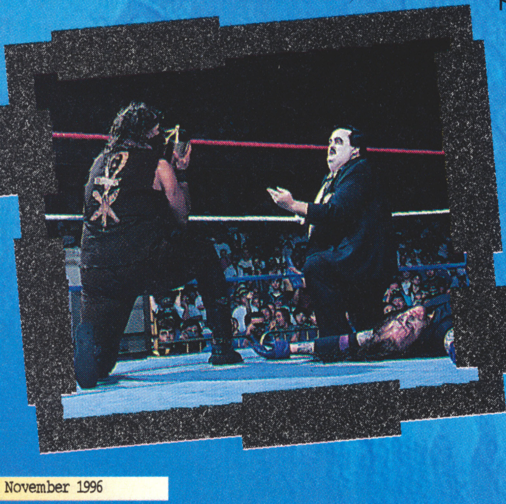


Feeling drained by the deadly battle, Undertaker stumbled up to Bearer, fell to one knee, looked down and reached forward. But Bearer didn't hand over the urn. Undertaker gazed at his manager and gestured toward himself. Clutching the urn to his chest, Bearer turned away. From the rear, Mankind swept into the ring, shoved his fingers into Undertaker's throat and applied the lethal Mandible Claw.

In the corner, Bearer chuckled, while watching the Undertaker succumb to the maneuver. Then, polishing off the urn, Paul Bearer exposed his true self, slapping and kicking the Undertaker as Mankind held him.

His sadness outweighing his physical pain, the Undertaker reached up to Bearer, asking him why this was happening. Gritting his teeth, the manager raised the urn over his shoulders and brought it down on Undertaker's head. Then, on his knees, Bearer delivered the urn to Mankind and embraced him, shattering a six-year bond with the Undertaker.

Adding to the creepiness of the night, a group of druids entered the building, chanting eerily. As the stunned crowd looked on, the hooded men lifted the Undertaker, with his arms spread-eagle, and carried him out of the arena on their shoulders.



PAUL BEARER

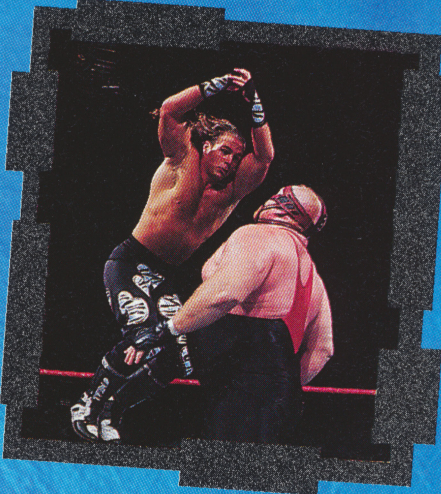
"I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired! For six long years I led the funeral procession. For six long years I carried the Undertaker on my back! Mankind made me finally realize that! He enabled me to see the light at the end of the darkness... OHHH, YESSS!"

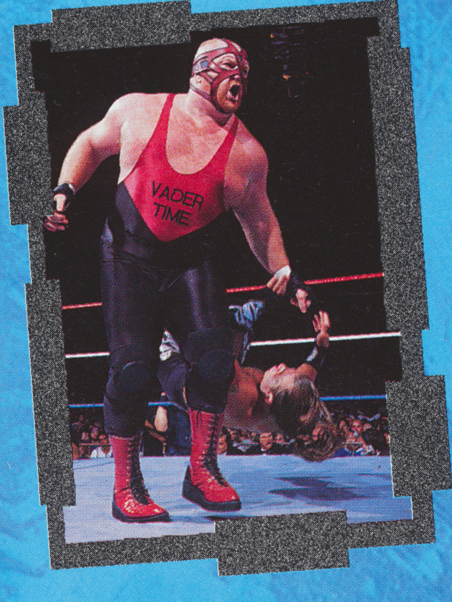
FEDERATION TITLE MATCH:

SHAWN MICHAELS (WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION CHAMPION) VS. VADER

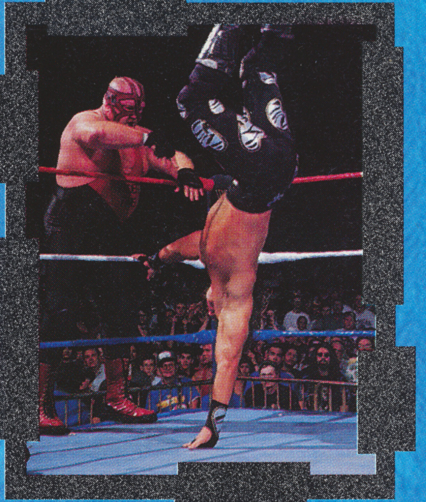
Vader came out punching from the opening bell, taking advantage of his immense weight and size. Thrusting his fists into Shawn's mid-section and abdomen, Vader pulled back his opponent's hair and sneered in his face, then cut him down with a short-arm clothesline.

But it was too early for Vader to exalt in his own glory. When he whipped Shawn into the ropes and tried meeting him on the rebound with a big boot, Michaels grabbed the leg and kicked out Vader's other wheel. The Heartbreak Kid ran the ropes and as Vader sat up, dropkicked him in the face.



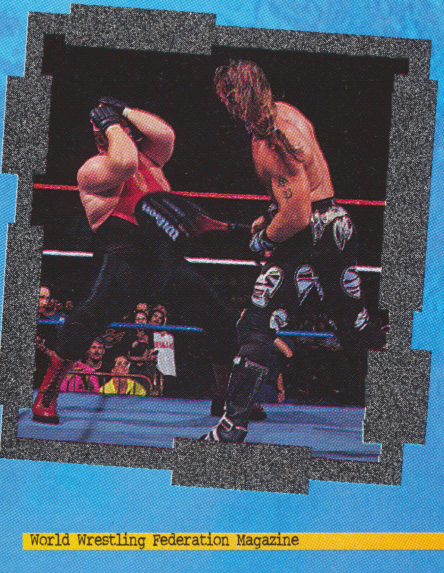


The champion tried Irish whipping his foe, but Vader reversed the move. Shawn bounded off the ropes, into Vader's arms. Before the big man could slam him, however, Michaels slid behind the challenger and delivered a kidney punch. Furious, Vader grabbed Shawn from the rear and tried hurling him out of the ring. Michaels broke up the momentum by deliberately hitting the mat, forcing Vader to keep going—all the way to the arena floor.



As Vader stood at ringside looking up at his foe, Shawn bounced off the ropes and stunned him with a sliding kick. When Vader next took to his feet, Michaels sailed over the top rope and splashed his rival on the arena floor.

Sensing Vader's vulnerability, Michaels took the action back between the ropes, punishing his opponent with a double ax-handle from the top turnbuckle and a reverse victory roll. Feeling confident, Shawn hopped on his challenger's shoulders and punched down on him. Vader tried dumping the champion over the top rope, but Michaels clamped on a headscissors and—holding onto the cables—twirled the contender to the arena floor, before doing a pull-up back into the ring.

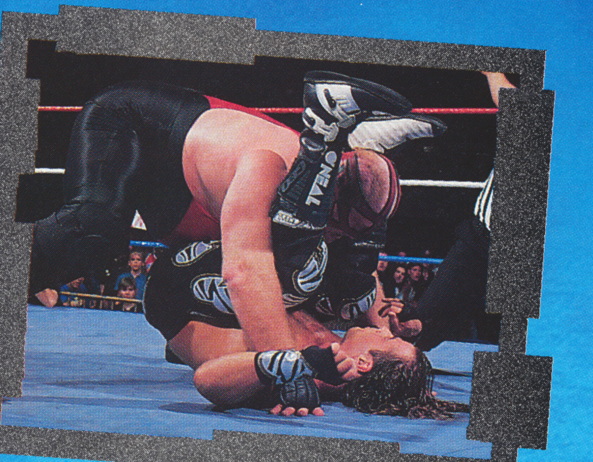


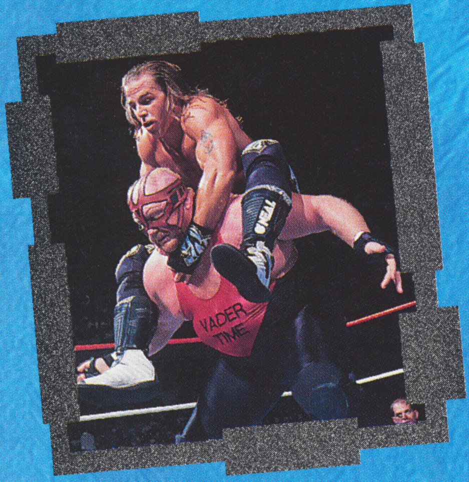
Hopping over the ropes, Michaels tried a Frankensteiner on the arena floor. But Vader capitalized on his foe's exuberance by turning the move into a powerbomb. Draping Shawn over his shoulder, Vader walked up the ring steps, tossed his opponent in the ring, then passed through the ropes and suplexed the Federation Champion.

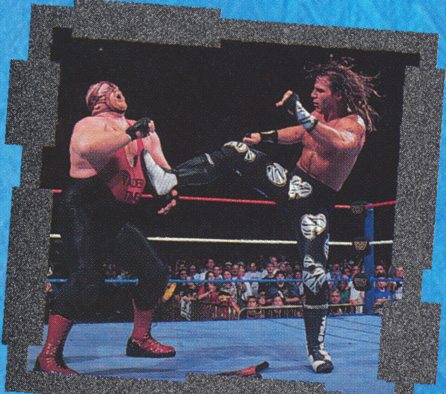
SHAWN MICHAELS

"The big man punished me with every last pound! He beat me until I thought I couldn't go anymore! But, all along... I knew they were there. The Kliq made that one last adrenaline rush possible. You can chalk this victory up to the Kliq army!"

After toying with Michaels—pitching him over a corner of the ring—Vader backflipped his opponent onto the mat, harmed him with bodyshots and headbutts, and tried setting him up for an atomic drop. Shawn rolled over the challenger's back and surprised him with a series of haymakers. Vader tried avalanching Shawn in the corner, but Michaels moved out of the way and his opponent hit the buckles hard. Shawn charged forward, only to be cut down by a short jab from the beefy contender.







Now, Vader tried shoving his foe over the ropes. As the Heartbreak Kid has done many times in the past, he gripped onto the top strand on the way down and muscled himself up. Hoping to bust up the pretty sequence, Vader rushed his adversary. While still pulling himself back into the ring, Michaels caught the challenger in a headscissors. But Vader simply pressed the champ over his shoulders and dropped him flat on the canvas.

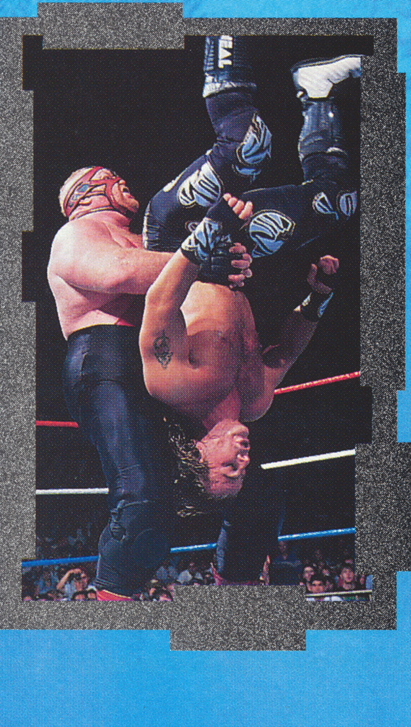
Michaels attempted to take down his foe with kicks and clotheslines. However, Vader wasn't going anywhere. Switching to a speedy strategy, Shawn bounced off the ropes and started to skid under Vader's legs. Unfortunately for the champion, Vader broke up the slide by planting a foot on Shawn's throat. Jumping up, Vader attempted to splash his opponent. As the challenger descended, however, he received a kick in the groin.

Bounding off the ropes, Shawn next tried a bodypress. Vader caught him and the two tumbled to the arena floor together where Vader lifted Shawn over his shoulders and dropped him on the guardrail. Michaels was out cold on the arena floor. Vader returned to the ring and the referee awarded the match to the challenger.

Unfortunately for Vader, a title cannot change hands via countout. Irate about this, Vader's manager, Jim Cornette, demanded that the contest be restarted. Despite his disorientation, the champion agreed.

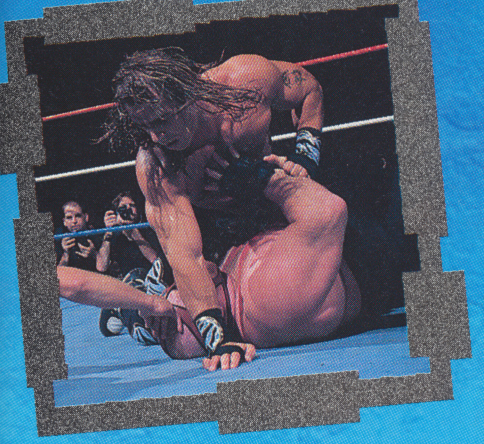
Vader attacked his foe in the aisle and swatted at his manager, Jose Lothario. While the referee moved Lothario away, Cornette smashed his tennis racket across Shawn's back. Looking to end the match inside the ring, Vader avalanched Michaels in the corner, executed a belly-to-belly suplex and went for a powerbomb.

As Shawn was slung up toward the arena lights, he planted a fist in Vader's face and kept punching, until the challenger was on his back. Running the ropes, Michaels ducked under two clotheslines, hit Vader with a



JAMES E. CORNETTE

"We had Shawn Michaels beaten not once, but TWICE! Then, to add insult to injury, Vader pinned your worthless champion, but the referee decided to find a way to knock himself out! The Federation Title should be around Vader's waist as we speak! THIS IS A TRAVESTY! WHERE'S MONSOON!!!"



bodypress, sprung to his feet and delivered an elbowdrop from the top rope.

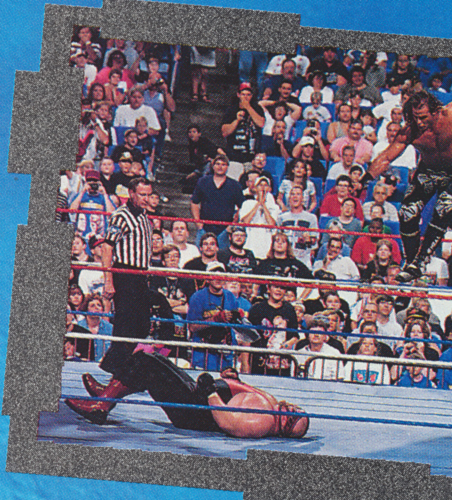
In the corner, the Heartbreak Kid grabbed onto the ropes and stomped his foot. It was time for his specialty, Sweet Chin Music. At ringside, Cornette got a little too close for Shawn's liking and was pulled up to the apron. As the referee attempted to restore order, the manager tossed his tennis racket into the ring. Vader tried picking it up, but Shawn delivered a kick to the throat first.

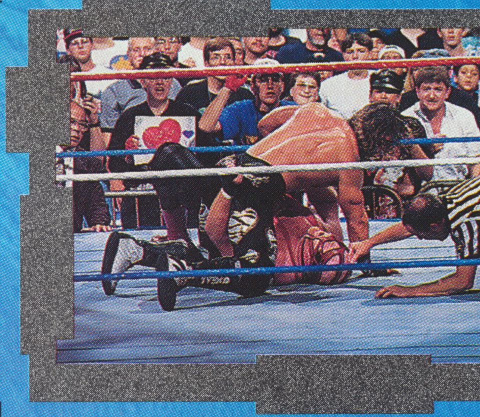
The champion smacked Vader on the ear, across the stomach and over the head. Cornette jumped in and got clocked as well. As Vader left the ring and returned with a chair, the ring announcer declared that Shawn had been disqualified for using a foreign object. Once again, the title would not change hands under these circumstances.

Cornette insisted that the match again be re-started. As World Wrestling Federation President Gorilla Monsoon looked on, Michaels again agreed. The bell rang and Shawn tried a sunset flip. Vader attempted to drop down on his opponent, the champion moved and the challenger hit his tail bone on the mat. Michaels delivered a forearm to the face, climbed the ropes and executed an elbowdrop. Stomping his foot on the mat, Shawn waited for Vader to plod forward—straight into a thrust kick. The challenger went down, the Heartbreak Kid covered him and the referee counted. One, two, three... Vader got his shoulder up at the last moment.

Shawn clamped on a side headlock and tried a bulldog. But Vader shoved the champion into the referee, powerbombed the Heartbreak Kid and covered him. At ringside, Cornette screamed in frustration, realizing that the arbiter was in no position to count. A second referee came in, registering a two-count before Shawn kicked free.

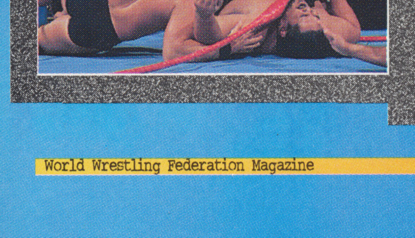
As Cornette angrily slapped the apron, Vader dragged the prone champion to the corner, climbed up to the second rope, thought about delivering a Vader Bomb, changed his mind and perched himself on the top turnbuckle. Launching himself backwards, Vader attempted a Moonsault. But Shawn got out of the way, and Vader fell flat. As the challenger stood and trudged toward the champion, the Heartbreak Kid did a backward somersault from the top rope, leveled his foe, hooked his leg on the mat and then held him in place for the duke.





FREE-FOR-ALL

In the Free-For-All prior to *SummerSlam*, we saw the first-ever World Wrestling Federation Bikini Beach Blast-Off, where Federation foxes Sunny, Sable and Marlena were part of a cast of Federation superstars who strutted their stuff poolside. Following what turned into Beach Blanket Bodyslam, Stone Cold Steve Austin upset the 600-plus-pound Yokozuna when the Sumo's weight proved to be too much even for him. As Yoko attempted to Banzai Drop Austin, the ropes gave out causing the Mighty One to come crumbling down as Austin covered him for the 1-2-3.



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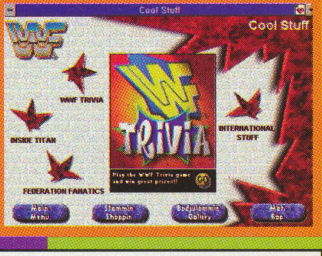
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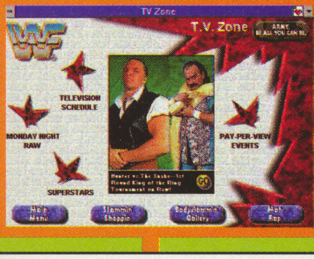
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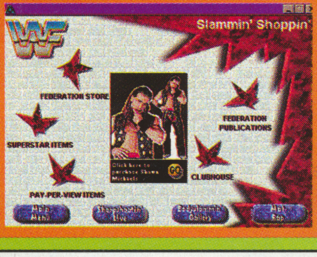
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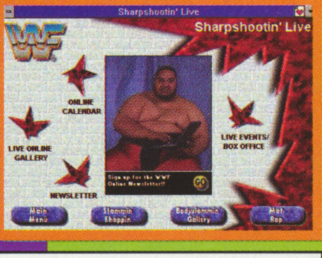
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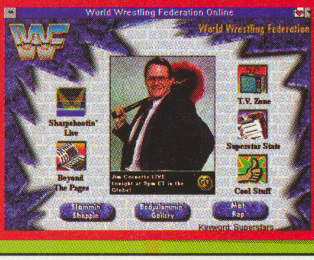
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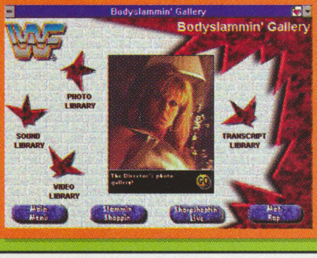
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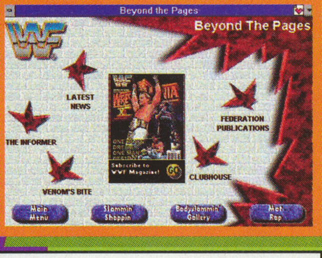
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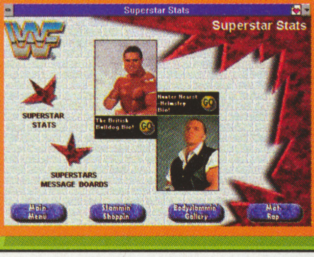
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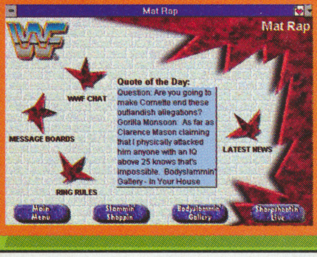
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Quote of the Day:
Question: Are you going to make Cornette end these outlandish allegations? Gorilla Monsoon: As far as Clarence Mason claiming that I physically attacked him anyone with an IQ above 25 knows that's impossible. Bodyslammin' Gallery - In Your House

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First of all, INFORMER, let me INFORM you about somethin': Where in the world do you get off challengin' my intestinal fortitude? Insinuatin' that I don't have the GUTS to check out the basement of the Goldust Estate! Just because you live in a closet—WHICH I WOULDN'T GO ANYWHERE NEAR—doesn't mean that I don't have the Spaldings to see if Mankind lives in the cellar of the Bizarre One's PALACE!!!

Now, for starters—even though I hate to break your bubble, EINSTEIN—Hollywood mansions DON'T have basements!!! So, your theory of Mankind livin' under the same roof as Goldust is shot to hell from the get-go! SECOND, I searched HIGH and LOW with my camera crew, and there was NO—REPEAT NO—sign of Mankind WHATSOEVER!!! So, you can take your ridiculous accusations and blow them out your... BUGLE!!!

With all that said, and without further honeydew... let's tour the mansion, SHALL WE?!

The first shot you see, is our stunning hostess Marlena, as she welcomes us into the palace. As you can see, the exterior portion of the house is designed in a Mediterranean motif. Notice the fine craftsmanship... the exquisite detail. Each little nook and cranny was carved by hand on this rare, expensive European surface known as—I think they call it in France—la stucco.

As we walk through the foyer of the palace, we first set our eyes on TWO beautiful pieces of art. The one made of marble is an original

& Filthy Rich

Photos by Randy O'Rourke

Michael Angelo. You know, that Italian guy who painted the roof of that church. He's dead now, but I'm told that his work is worth a lot of coin.

As we move further inside, Marlena walks us through the music wing of the house, where we see the Golden One sittin' atop a baby grande. Notice the ivories—each one crafted from rare African elephant tusk, which I might add Goldust hunted and killed himself—by hand! Wrestled him to the ground and beat the bejesus out of him!!! Later, in the chamber, Goldust plays

some beautiful music on his antique Stratosphere, which goes for somewhere around $250,000!!! And, for you idiots out there who don't know what a Stratosphere is, it's a handcrafted fiddle that some guy made a long time ago!!! I THINK Charlie Daniels plays one of them.

From the tune chamber, we move to the formal dinin' room where Goldust and Marlena spend most of their time in rest and relaxation. Notice the beautifully handcrafted wooden armwhere that the couple uses to house their most prized possessions. That's REAL wood, by the way, not like that cheap flake board found in most of your homes!

Next stop—the PLAYGROUND!!! The formal bedroom of the king and queen of Hollywood. Man, if these four walls could talk!!! And, how about that zebra-skin rug?! 100% REAL!!! Goldust lassoed the wild beast with his own two hands while on location in Zimbabwe!!! And, if that's not enough, how about those

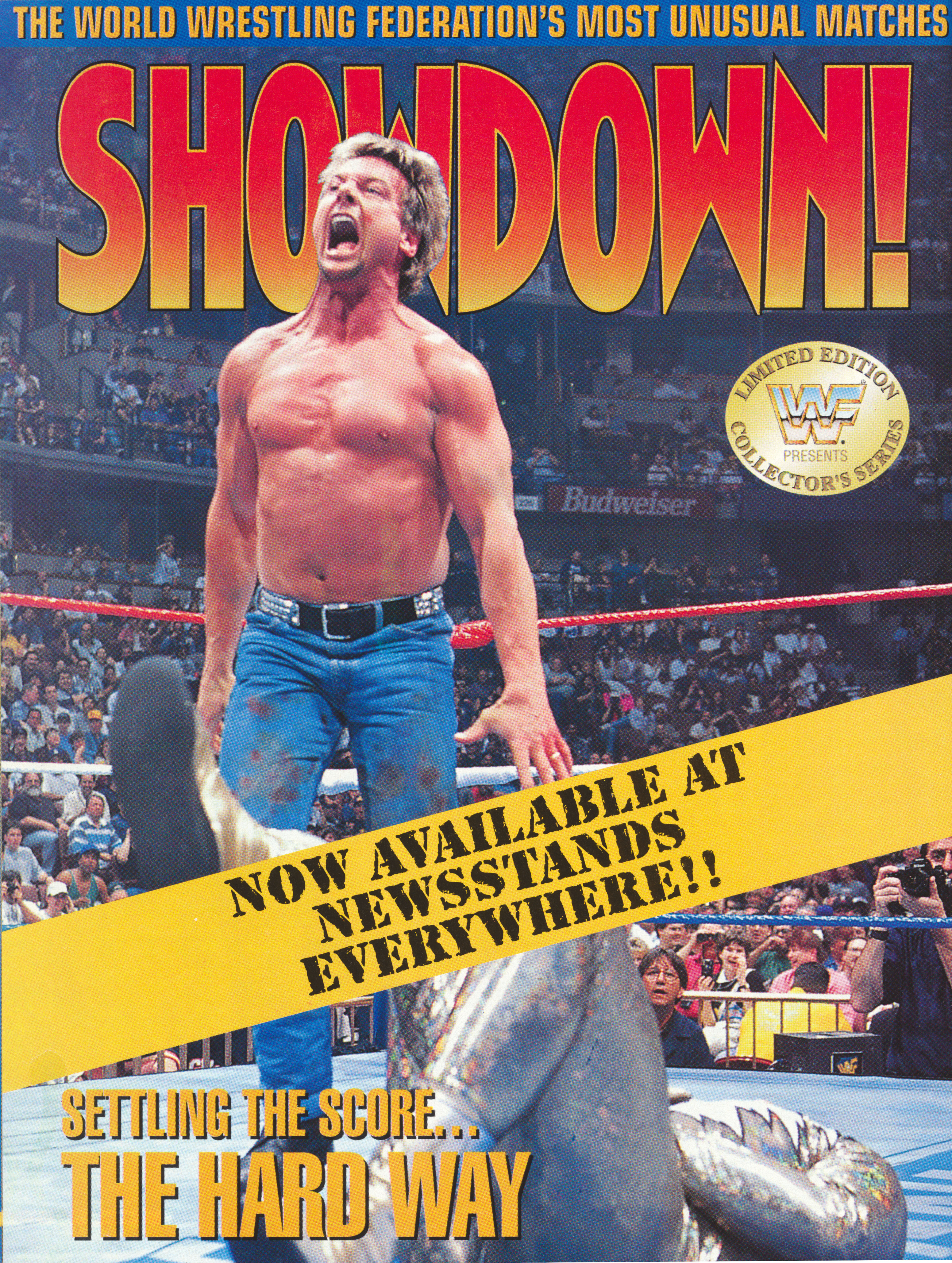
PILLOWS!!! Those lovely soft, velvety PILLOWS! GET YOUR MINDS OUT OF THE GUTTER, YOU LITTLE SQUIRTS—I'm talkin' about the LEOPARD-SKIN ones!!!

As we leave the interior and enter the exterior, Marlena shows off her two most prized trophies. I SAID GET YOUR MINDS OUT OF THE GUTTER, YOU LITTLE PUKES!!! I'm talkin' about her garden and her water fountain! As you can see, the garden grows some of the country's most exotic plants. The red ones are called Rhoda's Dendrums—I think they were named after that chic on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show.* Anyway, regardless, they're VERY, VERY expensive plants! And, what about that fountain? Forget the price tag... if only stone could talk, WOULD THIS GUY HAVE A STORY TO TELL!!!

Well, we're just about out of Kodak moments, pukes and puke-ettes. AND, as your beady little eyes can see, a lotta glitz, mucho glamour AND NO MANKIND—YOU PACK OF BLITHERIN' IDIOTS!!!

DON'T EVER DOUBT ME AGAIN!!!

LATER!!! WF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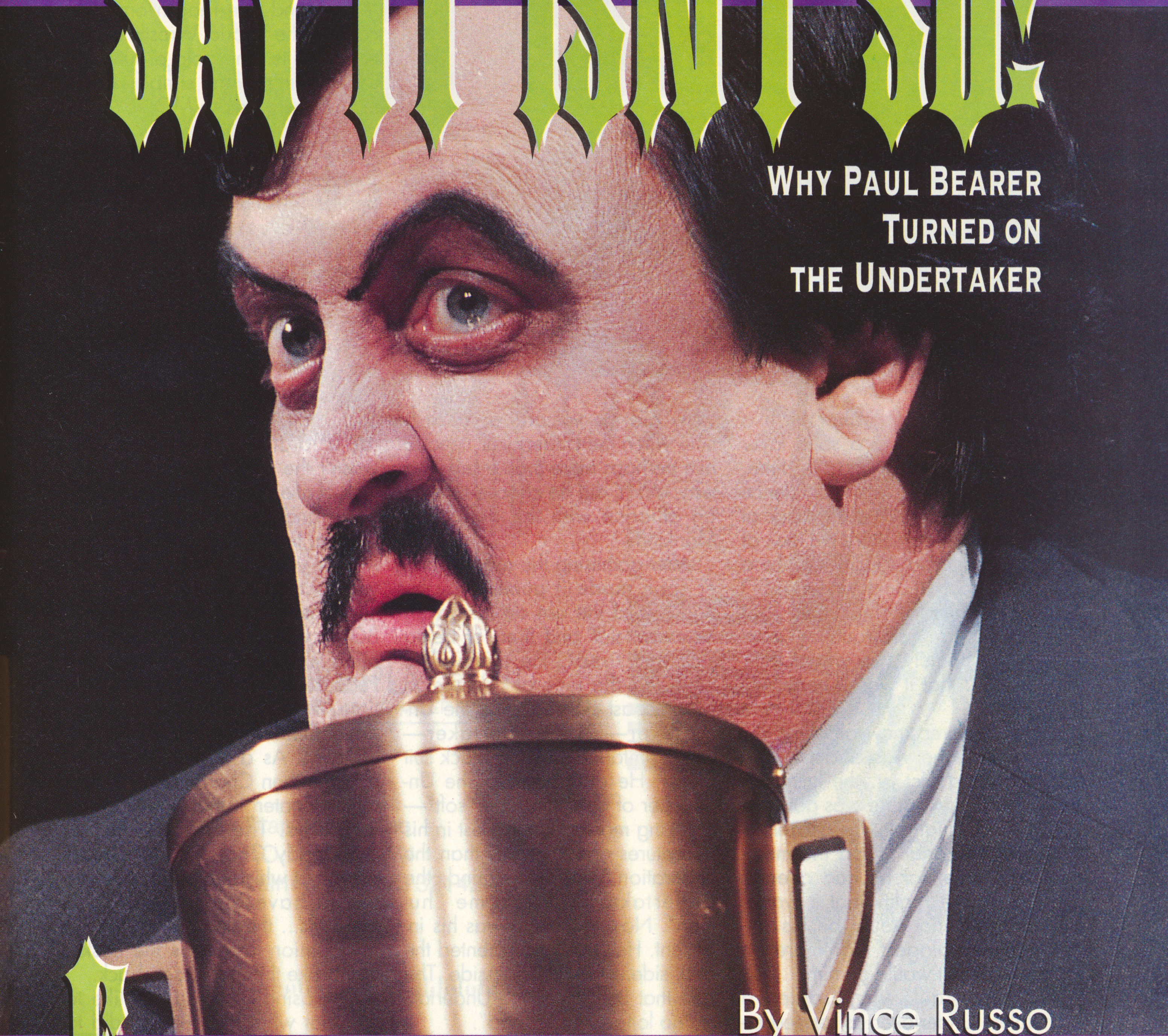
SAY IT ISN'T SO!

WHY PAUL BEARER TURNED ON THE UNDERTAKER



By Vince Russo

For some strange reason my eyes focused on Paul Bearer. Having known him for the past three years, I could tell that something was different about him this night.

As every eye in the Gund Arena watched hypnotically in horror as the Undertaker and Mankind feverishly punished each other from the boiler room to the ring's apron, my pupils stood at attention, watching the man whom the Undertaker had depended on for so many years.

It was the pace. He paced that ring back and forth like a white-hatted apprentice sheriff anticipating his inaugural high noon shoot-out. True, he had reason to be nervous. His Undertaker's health, career and possible life dangled in the balance right before his very urn! However, having been by his side for the past six years, Bearer had witnessed such horror shows before. Yes, this may have been the one that was the most dangerous... the most threatening, but the Gate Keeper had always stood

behind his Undertaker with a foundation built on a solid layer of confidence. For the first time, there wasn't a trace of confidence present on his macabre mask at all. He seemingly wore the look of nervous uncertainty... much like a high school student who doesn't have a clue how to solve that dreaded algebraic equation.

Unfortunately, we would later find out... that it wasn't uncertainty at all.

Paul Bearer knew all along exactly what he was about to do. The chilling fact is... he knew for a long time what he was going to do on this night. It was a wrenching anxiety that fueled the mortician's pace, for he had already come to the reality that it wasn't Mankind who would be his Undertaker's biggest nightmare on this night... it would be him.

"Why, Paul, why?" asked a helpless Undertaker as he desperately tried to reach the sacred urn that had been his guiding light for the past six years, "WHY"? But the comfortable, healing light soon turned black—as black as his friend's soul. In a scene that would have horrified even Wes Craven—Paul Bearer crashed the urn over the Grim Reaper's cranium. How long had this been building up inside Paul Bearer? Why did the volcano erupt at a time when the Undertaker needed him perhaps more than ever? And why, WHY did he choose to form an alliance with the demented Mankind?

After gathering the ashes, Bearer soon made it public why he had turned the urn on the Taker. He was "sick and tired of being sick and tired". He claimed to have led the funeral procession for the past six years, as the Undertaker—OUR Undertaker—rode comfortably on his black suit jacket. He also accused the Undertaker of becoming too "soft"—of taking more of an interest in his "Creatures of the Night" than the Federation Title. In his mind, the Undertaker had become "human". Now, Mankind was his in-patient. He "truly" represented the dark side... the demonic side. The side that Bearer felt the Undertaker "no longer understood".

In the opinion of this editor, Paul Bearer can get out his little paint brush and stroke all the pictures and scenarios that his little black heart desires. The bottom line is—Paul Bearer turned on the Undertaker because Paul Bearer only cares about Paul Bearer. Which, although I hesitate to say it, is the way of the world. Six years ago Paul Bearer agreed to manage the Undertaker for one reason and one reason only... to capture the World Wrestling Federation Title. The gold around the Dark Man's waist simply meant more green... more MONEY... for the greedy mortician. That's why many managers get into the sports-entertainment business. Paul Bearer is no different from Sunny—with the exception that Sunny wears her greedy intentions like a transparent halter top. In other words, the fans can see right through her. Paul Bearer, I don't know—maybe it was the black suit—seemed a bit more discreet.

In six years, Paul Bearer's Undertaker held the Federation Title for a total of six days. No, it wasn't the Dead Man's fault. His lack of title shots came from everybody and their brother gunning for him. In the Federation the reality is if you beat the Undertaker, you become a top—if not the No. 1—contender! Therefore, EVERYBODY went after him, taking his mind just a bit off whoever the Federation Champion was at the time. Then, finally, at January's *Royal Rumble*, the Undertaker got his shot. As a matter of fact he had the then Champion Bret Hart all but beaten... that is until Diesel interfered. The cowardly act of Big Daddy Cool cost the Undertaker that which, in all probability, would have and should have been his... the Federation Title. In my opinion, that was the casket that broke the mortician's back.

In closing, I would just like to say that what Paul Bearer did to the Undertaker wasn't necessarily wrong... what was wrong was the WAY that he chose to do it. After six years of traveling the highways and biways of the dark side with his Undertaker—he owed him just a little bit more than an urn headache!

Unfortunately, now, I severely doubt if an apology will do. OHHH, NOOO!

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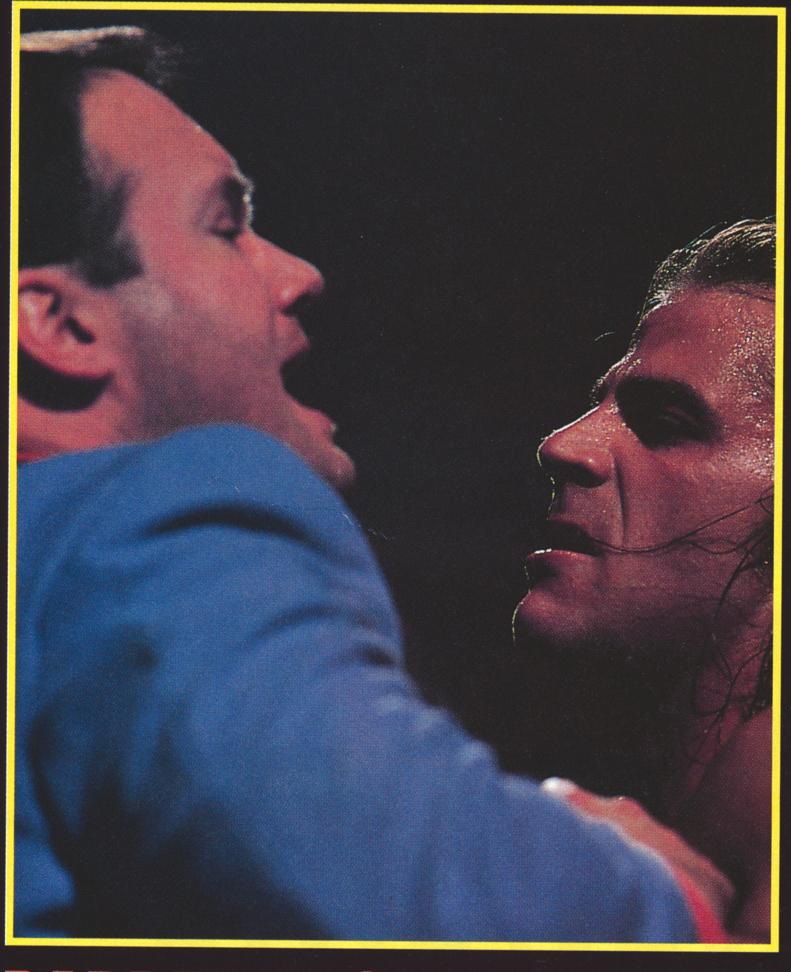
THE INFORMER

BARRED FROM THE BACK



SUMMERSLAM brought even more heat than you could imagine! My informers tell me, the INFORMER, that prior to the sizzling event, there was a "shoving match" between none other than GOLDUST and STONE COLD STEVE AUSTIN. Evidently, AUSTIN held a grudge against the BIZARRE ONE, claiming that he was the sole reason for his elimination from a battle royal that was held weeks earlier on *MONDAY NIGHT RAW*. Will this personal "misunderstanding", as GOLDUST puts it, lead to an all-out squared circle encounter between these two vicious gladiators? I'll keep you posted!... Early in September, BRET "HIT MAN" HART filmed an episode of the popular television series *SINBAD*. The shoot was conducted in South Africa, which may explain why BRET agreed to wrestle a few dates for the World Wrestling Federation there. The Federation shows took place around the same time as BRET's filming, so perhaps he really IS NOT coming back to the squared circle, but just coincidentally happened to be there on business at the same time the Federation was... A former Federation superstar who once wore GOLD around his waist WILL NOT be making a comeback any time soon—but—His SON WILL!... A few of my top sources have told me that CLARENCE MASON is assembling a "FIRM" of wrestlers together—AS WE SPEAK. It seems that the success of CRUSH has gone to the head of the cocky lawyer and he is now attempting to "broaden his horizons"!... Months ago I hinted about PAUL BEARER—YOU SHOULD HAVE BELIEVED ME!!!... Is JIM CORNETTE looking to assign some "fresh meat" to his stable? Well, BELIEVE IT, OR NOT, a top spy informed me, the INFORMER, that CORNETTE was spotted at a Burger King last week with—THE WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN MARK HENRY! Could you imagine a tag team consisting of HENRY and THE MAN THEY CALL VADER?!... Now here's a WILD one—I was told that while he was home nursing his injuries, AHMED JOHNSON was called by—SUNNY? Now, why would SUNNY call AHMED—if indeed she did—when she claims responsibility for the man who bedriddened him in the first place?! HMMM... Is it true that if he does indeed survive his BURIED ALIVE match with MANKIND, the UNDERTAKER'S next opponent might be—the HEARTBREAK KID SHAWN MICHAELS?! Well, I, the INFORMER, heard it, BUT I don't know if I believe it!!!... Just a rumor: BRIAN PILLMAN will soon be given his own interview segment on SUPERSTARS... Some sad news—last week one of my top stirrers was fired when he informed me, of course the INFORMER, that our Federation Champion was thinking about joining CAMP CORNETTE! THINK AGAIN, EINSTEIN, SOME THINGS WOULD JUST NEVER HAPPEN!!!... Until next time... this has been the INFORMER...

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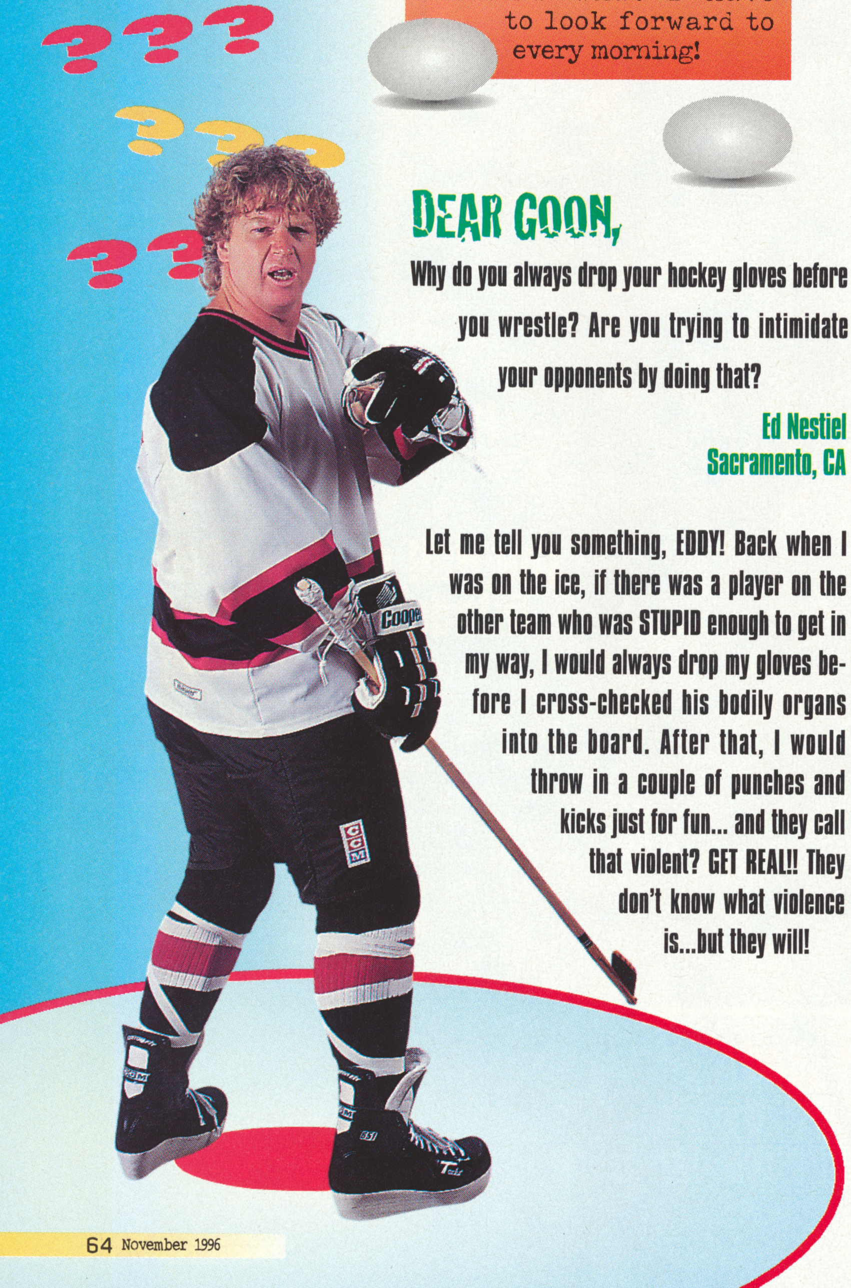
PIN 'em DOWN

DEAR SUNNY,

Do you have a certain "breakfast of champions" or diet that you use to stay in shape for your World Wrestling Federation career?

Michael Catloni
Melbourne, Australia

Well Mike, I wouldn't call it a "breakfast of champions", but I DO have to stick to a strict diet to stay in top physical form! Take for instance what I have in the morning: two egg whites in a glass, skim milk, cottage cheese with lemon, alfalfa and oatmeal toast! Now THAT's what I have to look forward to every morning!



DEAR GOON,

Why do you always drop your hockey gloves before you wrestle? Are you trying to intimidate your opponents by doing that?

Ed Nestiel
Sacramento, CA

Let me tell you something, EDDY! Back when I was on the ice, if there was a player on the other team who was STUPID enough to get in my way, I would always drop my gloves before I cross-checked his bodily organs into the board. After that, I would throw in a couple of punches and kicks just for fun... and they call that violent? GET REAL!! They don't know what violence is...but they will!

DEAR HENRY GODWINN,

What other animals do you and Phineas have on the farm besides pigs?

Chris McMahon
Shediac, New Brunswick, CANADA

Back in Bitters, Arkansas, Chris, we have a few more animals than just pigs. In fact, we have this pet donkey that we've had since Phineas was just a small sprout. Trouble is, every time Phineas tries to pet it the dang thing kicks him in his noggin'! Most of the time, we found poor ol' Phineas face down in the mud, so Ma and Pa thought the pigs were a little more his speed!

DEAR AHMED JOHNSON,

At the 1996 Slammy Awards you won the "New Sensation of the Squared Circle". Congratulations! BUT... I was wondering if you were upset that you didn't get to win the "Stick a Fork in Him, He's Done" award? The Pearl River Plunge should have easily beat everyone else's out!

Ian Presnell
Sayre, PA

Well Ian, to be honest, I was happy just to be in attendance at the awards banquet that night—not to mention being nominated, G! I have to truly thank God for the success I've had in the Federation and winning just one trophy meant a lot to me. Why? Because it was the People's Choice!

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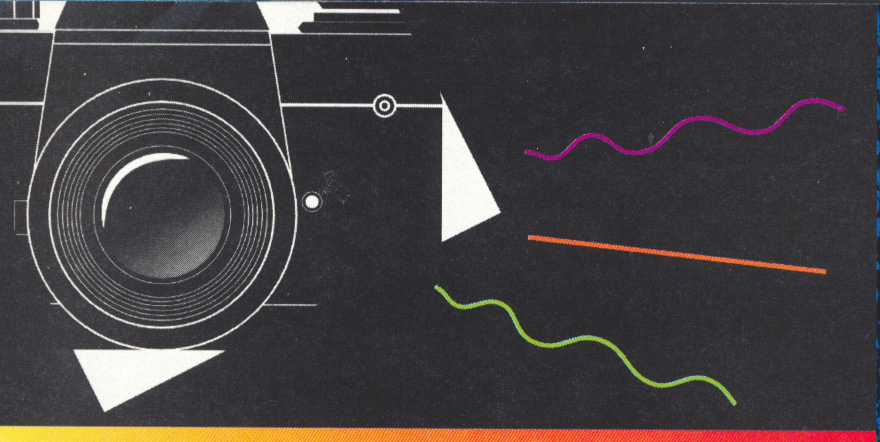


private eye

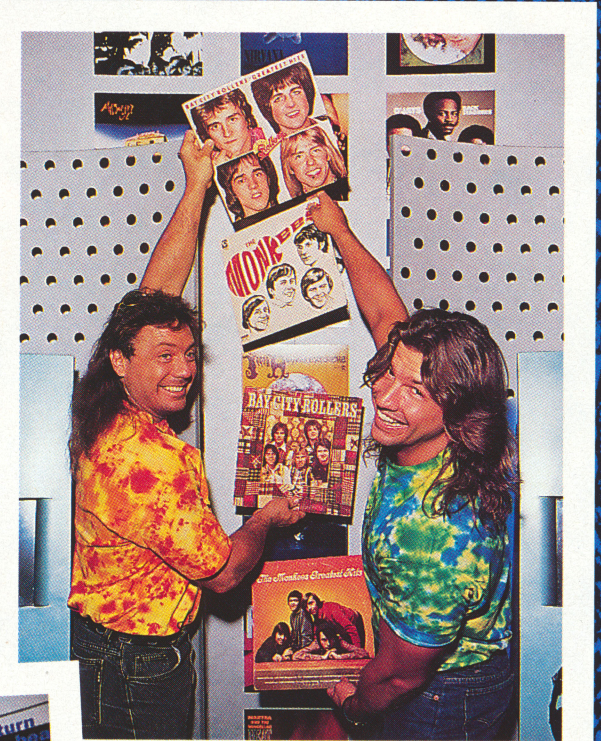
ROCKERS THE HALL

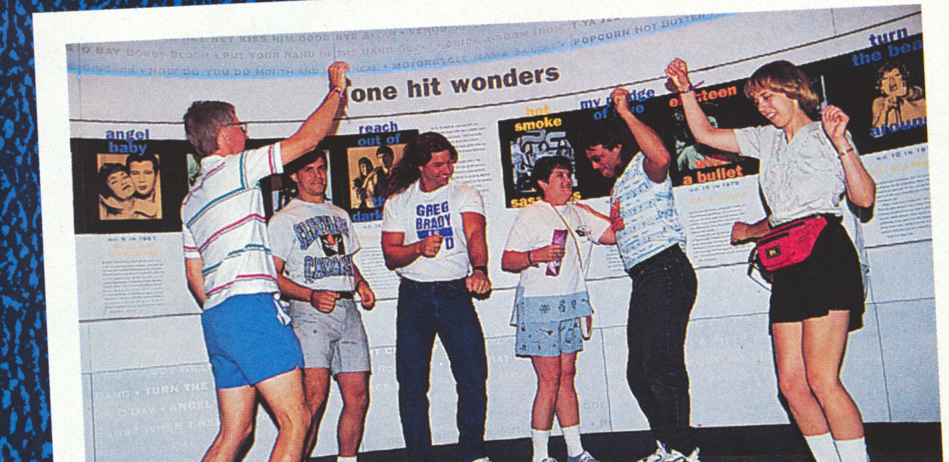
PHOTOS BY RICH FREEDA

For many, the decades of the 60s and 70s are distant memories—the "flower power" shirts and the polka-dotted silk pants are now locked deep in the closet, evil secrets too horrifying to show to the children of today. But two men, namely the New and Improved Rockers, recently got a chance to journey to their place of worship... the Rock-and-Roll Hall of Fame in Cleveland, Ohio!

"For me, it was like traveling to Mecca!" New Rocker Leif Cassidy told us. "It was a pilgrimage for me and Marty to the ultimate shrine of rock-and-roll! I get chills thinking about it right now! I think I'm gonna burst a blood vessel!"

From the very moment these two last-remaining members of the "Bay City Rollers Fan Club" stepped foot out of the "Rocker Van" and stared at the Hall of Fame building, it was like they had won the lottery! Tears formed in Leif's eyes and Marty couldn't help talking to EVERY person he saw about it! After entering the building, both Cassidy and Jannetty darted for the KISS and David Bowie attractions—seizing the opportunity to fulfill a lifelong dream—measuring just how long Gene Simmons' tongue REALLY is!



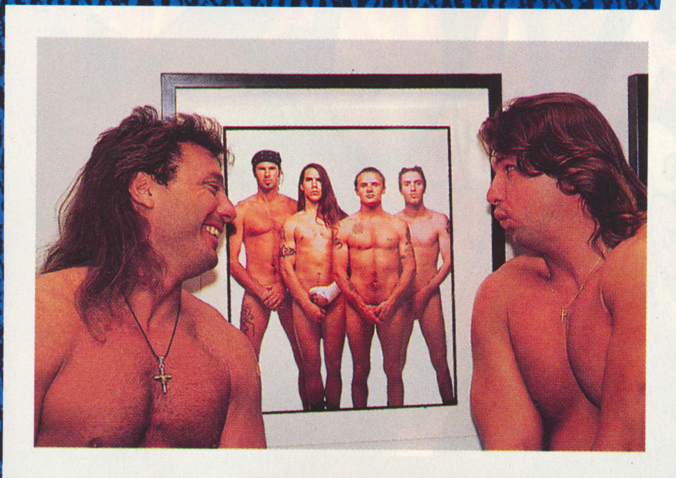


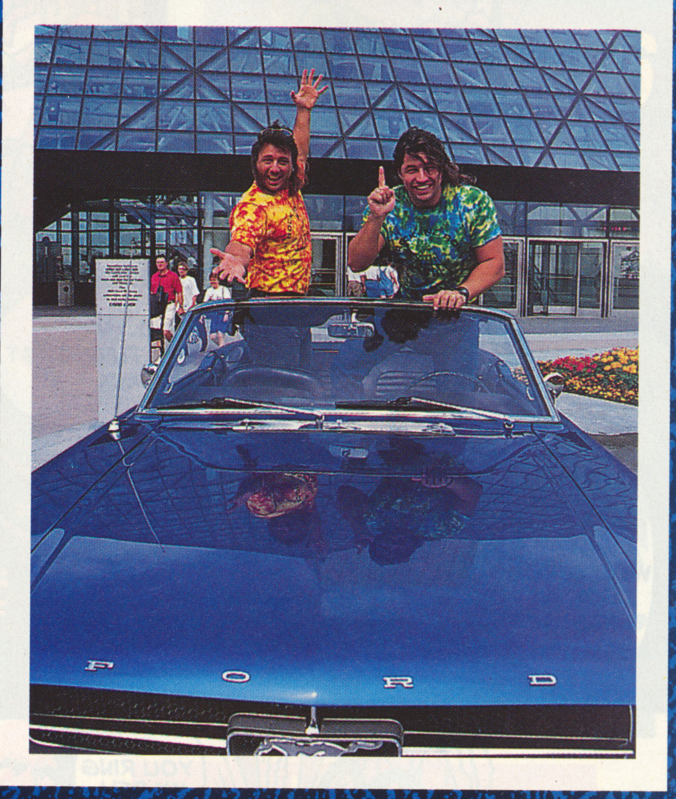
After comparing their favorite Cream and Jefferson Airplane album covers on the interactive attraction at the Hall of Fame, Marty and Leif headed to the "One Hit Wonders" attraction! There, these two rock-and-roll junkies convinced some fellow tourists at the Hall of Fame that *Dancin' Dancin' Dancin'* is the way to go when you are a rocker!

After building up a sweat, Marty and Leif headed to the next attraction on the list... the Pink Floyd *Wall* feature! Here, the Rockers got a chance to revisit one of their favorite albums and were even goofy enough to try to climb the fake

ROLLIN' OVER OF FAME

By Bill Banks





"wall"—that is until security pulled them down!

Back down the escalator the two headbangers went on a mission to locate one picture—the Red Hot Chili Peppers when they "bared it all" for *Rolling Stone* magazine! Just be thankful that the photo you see of these two posing next to Flea and Anthony Keidis wasn't taken two minutes later! Let's just say the crowd on hand had quite a laugh!

Before leaving, Cassidy and Jannetty were drawn to the sight that paralyzes ALL rockers from the 70s—TIE-DYED T-SHIRTS! The Rock-and-Roll Hall of Fame is the ultimate outlet for the clothing of choice for Leif and Marty, and they certainly had a ball comparing all the "funkadelic colors" as they put it!

"Now, we have SO MANY more posters and pictures to hang in our Traveling Mobile Disco-Plex," Jannetty said, referring to the "Rocker Van". "I can't believe I found all this 'neat stuff' in one place! It truly has more than we could find even at Woodstock 1994."

As the day drew to a close, Leif and Marty just couldn't help hugging the tour guide for fulfilling the dream of every rocker out there in musicland. The '65 Mustang in front of the Hall wasn't safe from Rockermania either. Once the two men left... they pulled down the top and revisited the days of "pickin' up the babes"! The Rock-and-Roll Hall of Fame was now complete... it had felt the presence of its biggest fans—Marty Jannetty and Leif Cassidy, the New and Improved Rockers!

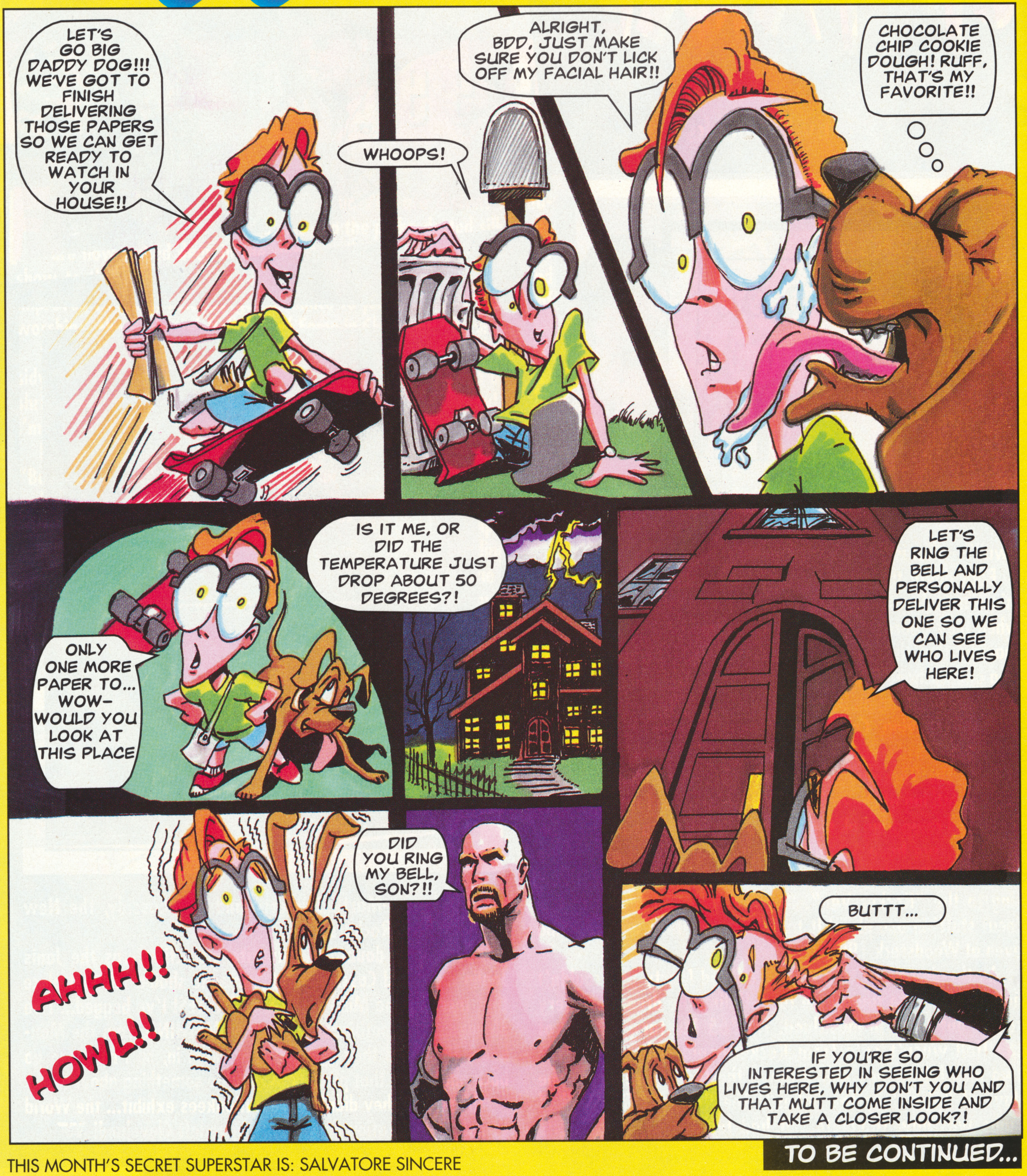
"Without a doubt, my favorite attraction was the Janis Joplin car," said Cassidy. "But, someone should tell that place that there are no Monkees! NO MONKEES! I've begged... I've pleaded... I've petitioned! I want SOMETHING from the Monkees! They said they wouldn't put them in, so I'm gonna go back and picket that place until they do something about it!"

Thank God they didn't have a Monkees exhibit... the World Wrestling Federation may NEVER have left Cleveland!

SCOOP SULLIVAN

ARTIST HOWARD M. COLBERT
WRITER VINCE RUSSO

SQUARED CIRCLE SUPERHERO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HOWL!!
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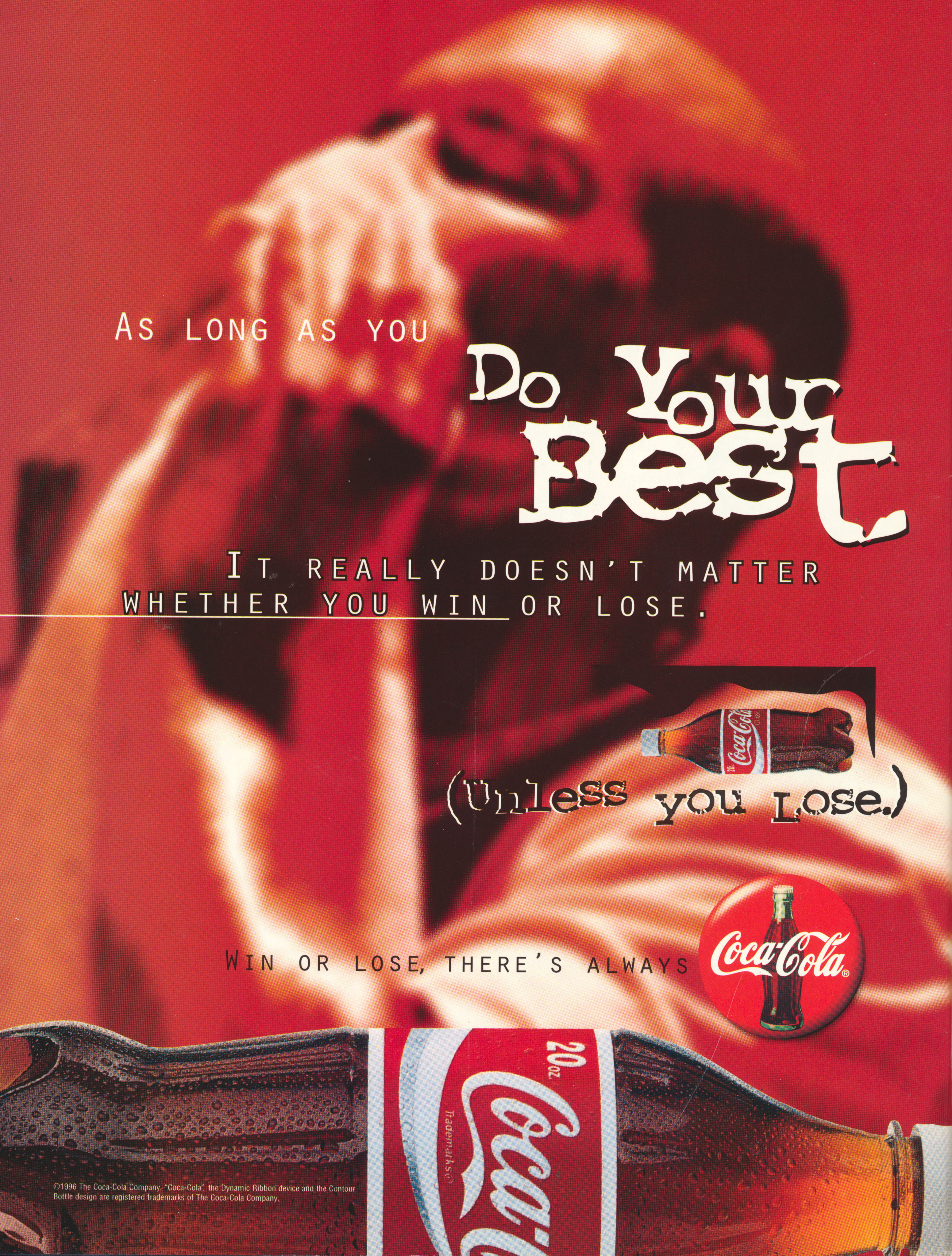
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